The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

PRICE IN PARIS 30 CENTIMES

VOL. XIII. No. 316. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] LONDON: WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1900. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE 2D.

A SKATER MEETS WITH AN UNPLEASANT ACCIDENT.

His Future Wife Effects a Timely Rescue.

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Published Weekly by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO., Ltd.,
172. FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1900.

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CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAMUEL TRAMER (Belfast).—No.

CONSTANT READER.—In 1888-9 and 1889-90, Preston North End were the Football League Champions. In the first years they scored 40 points, and in the second 33.

INQUISITIVE MAG. (Birmingham).—It has been said "That a lady's age is the only secret she can keep," but judging from a personal knowledge of the lady we should say that she was on the shady side of forty. That is nearly half a century.

A. WHITING (Halstead).—Jim Corbett was champion of America, not of the world.

BOXIANA (Rhymney).—Boxiana and Pugilistica contain all the old time fights. Both books are out of print. You might obtain copies by advertising.

ALF BURROWS (Queen's Park).—There are many preparations for hardening the skin, but the best is the piece of a lemon.

JAMES CAMPBELL (Dunfermline). — 1. Fitzsimmons lost to Sharkey December 2, 1895, on an alleged foul. Wyatt Earp, the referee, gave Sharkey the decision, which robbed Fitzsimmons out of 8,500dols of 10,000dols purse. 2. No, he was not knocked out.

MINX.—1. Lady Combermere trotted 20 miles under the hour. 2. Yes.

P. T.—Galtee More won all three events.

H. CALMER.—1. They cannot interfere. 2. Only glove contests.

W. ROUGHTON.—Peter Jackson won in two rounds.

T. REYNOLDS.—His height is 5 ft 10¼in.

CARTER.—1. Yes, a battle has been won with a single punch; Jack Everhardt beat Tom Moriarty in this manner. 2. Eighteen seconds.

H. J. WILKINS.—1. Jem Burge is the "Cast Iron Man." 2. Australian. 3. No.

T. BEST.—W. Griffen covered 71 miles in 11hr 46min 13sec.

S. P.—1. He ran down hill. 2. Newmarket.

HOLNEY.—You must be proposed and seconded in the usual manner.

T. RUSH.—With 6oz gloves.

G. MORRIS (Liverpool).—1. They have never fought. 2. Not to our knowledge.

F. WESTERN.—£25 a-side at 8st 2lb.

H. YOUNGE.—He left the country for South Africa same day.

C. CRAFT.—From Putney to Mortlake.

C. U.—Carried 7st 5lb; heads divided the three.

U. S. M.—It would make him a professional.

T. DICKSON.—1. J. W. Raby. 2. Four miles in 27min 38sec at Lillie Bridge.

F. T.—Foxhall and Rosebery both won the double event.

O. C.—The portrait will appear shortly.

D. D.—A letter addressed care of THE MIRROR OF LIFE will find him.

D. CLAPTON.—They never met.

C. M. C.—W. G. George holds the mile record.

POST.—1. The new rule is 3min 15rds and 2min 20rds. 2. We cannot say at present.

J. HALE.—Two judges and referee.

REGINALD CORBISHLY (Dover).—Answer next week.

W. BALL.—12ft 11in was a backward jump by J. Darby.

C. TAYLOR.—Herbert A. Slade was a native of New Zealand—Maori.

W. MEADE.—No wrestling or hugging is allowed.

P. P.—"Kid" McCoy's height is 5ft 11in.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

THE McCOY v. MAHER CONTEST.

THE McGOVERN v. DIXON FIGHT —POOR GEORGE DIXON.

THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

ENGLISH BOXERS AND COMING EVENTS.

WE spoke last week about the new tactics adopted by "Kid" McCoy in his fight with Maher, but now we have the full, true, and particular account of this fight to hand, we find that McCoy has improved enormously since he met Sharkey last winter, and should the Adonis of the American prize ring ever have a second beat up with the sailor Hercules, he will not want for backing. We are reminded of the manner of the present match by the state of the odds. An hour before the contest the betting ruled at 10 to 7 on McCoy, whereas prior to hostilities the very men who had espoused the Irishman's cause veered round until it was 7 to 5 on McCoy. The purse hung out was 20,000dols., but as little over 16,000dols. was taken at the doors, the men agreed to contest for this amount; but not without a kick from McCoy. Sixteen thousand dollars is over three thousand pounds, and as the purse was equally divided this would run into fifteen hundred pounds for each warrior. Then why this kick on the part of McCoy when, by his antics in his corner prior to the contest, he must have looked upon the money as already in his pocket? Five pounds was the inducement once for many a grand fight before pugilism was suppressed in England. Now fifteen hundred will hardly tempt our modern American pugilist. It is easy to be wise after the fact. After McCoy's victory over Peter Maher became an assured thing McCoy expounded how everything had been planned beforehand. How he knew what Peter was going to do, and how he anticipated him. In fact, pugilism to "Kid" McCoy is a chessboard, in which, like a master player, he can anticipate and check all the moves of an adversary.

Once upon a time there was in the English prize ring, when that institution was tolerated, a pugilist named Jack Tyler, who was a good pugilist and a better second. Now this pugilist having only one eye was called "Bos" Tyler; but in spite of his solitary orb this cyclopian fought a dozen or more battles against game and good men, yet no one could get on the good "lamp" (eye), "Bos" Tyler's defence being impregnable. We are always reminded of "Bos" Tyler when reading how our modern champions meet their downfall. George Crockett (still alive) was the most skilful boxer who ever lived, yet he could never land on "Bos's" damaged orb. If then, we ask, the champions are so skilful in these days, how is it they fall victims often in the first pop to a stronger, if less skilful antagonist? If "Pedlar" Palmer was such a master of self-defence, how is it that he could not defend the vital spot from the attacks of Terry McGovern, for Terry got on when and where he pleased, and demolished the British champion in one round? We are reminded of this when reading the contest between George Dixon and Terry McGovern. The very title of the "noble art of self-defence" shows that defence is the primary object of the sport. Yet we find an old warrior like George Dixon disregarding all the understood ring rules of "not taking any," going in like "Pedlar" Palmer to mix it with a strong young aggressive boxer like Terry McGovern. Take our best fighters. Jem Mace has no facial disfigurement. Jem looks like a retired military officer, whereas George Dixon, the hero of hundreds of battles, retires from the scene of his glory with the sign manual of his trade—a smashed nose—because the first principle of boxing, guarding, was neglected. Ten years of constant fighting is like living twenty in a non-combative occupation, therefore we think O'Rourke, who has reaped a big harvest out of the doings of the black boy, might have considered this and sent his little protégé up against something less steep than McGovern to take a final adieu from an arena where his career had been so successful. What has been the result of this meeting? Why that Dixon, after years of fighting and coming through his contests comparatively unscathed, now retires a disfigured and defeated man. We only hope that Dixon has taken care of the many sums earned by his prowess in the prize ring; but we understand like J. L. Sullivan, easy come easy go, Dixon has not made much provision for his future. Judging a man by his record, that of Terry McGovern cannot compare with the record of George Dixon; but in the world of boxing as in the wide, wide world, there is always somebody coming on while somebody else is going off. Every dog or man has his day, and youth will be served. What a pity it is that we should grow old and stale, and what a greater pity it is that when in that condition we are unable to "know ourselves," and instead of retiring with our blushing honours thick upon us, we once more court fortune, like poor George Dixon, only to be defeated by a boxer that perhaps in the vigour of his youth Dixon might have defeated.

With certain reservations which will have to be dealt with, a match has been made between Terry McGovern and Ben Jordan. Both these boxers can claim the honour of beating George Dixon, though Ben Jordan not so speedily and with such bad results as those which attended the meeting of the black boy and Terry. Of all the boxers out for fighting in this country Ben Jordan is about the most likely to counteract Master Terry's aggressive tactics. Ben is as strong as, perhaps a bit stronger than, McGovern. The weight, 8st 10lb, is Jordan's to an ounce, and mixing it up with the American will be just to Ben's liking. There is a grim determination about Ben Jordan which is far more taking than the flashy trickiness of some of our champions; and if this fight can be arranged at the N.S.C. for the Derby day it will not be a fight of a minute or two and then all over, but whichever wins, like the Boer and the Briton, they will have to go through it.

As we go to press our American representative cables "McGovern and Jordan match off." We give our readers the brief cablegram as received. We hope next week to give fuller particulars.

An International match which should be of considerable interest is that formulated between Tommy Hogan, of America, and Bill Chester, of Mile End. This match is more of *un fait accompli* than the match between Ben Jordan and Terry McGovern, for each lad has deposited £100 as a side-stake, and the match has been fixed to take place at the N.S.C. on Monday, February 26. Tommy Hogan will be presenting something like 2lb to Bill Chester, the lads contesting at 9st 2lb. Tommy Hogan and Sam Fitzpatrick sailed this day (Wednesday) for England. Sam does not make a fruitless journey to this country, as witness his esquiring to victory his late protégé, "Kid" Lavigne. Like Billy Madden with Sullivan, Sam, when he quarrelled with the "Kid," was immediately on the warpath, and fixed on one Jack Daly to do the trick. We have not heard much of Jack Daly lately, so Sam, who must have a champion, has thrown in his lot with little Tommy Hogan, who must be bad to beat if Sam Fitzpatrick takes him under his wing.

The first match of importance in England is that between Will Curley, of Newcastle, and Nat Smith, of London, for the 8st 10lb championship of England. Readers of our notes from Newcastle will observe that Curley has adopted a new system of training, eschewing long walks for indoor exercise. Be this as it may, we think the match which takes place on Monday next at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, for Jemmy Lowes's purse of £250 and £200 a-side, making in the aggregate £650, will be, as far as weight is concerned, all in favour of Natty Smith.

The contest between Jem Williams and "Pedlar" Palmer still continues to have big advertisement. The conditions of this match as at first advertised were that Palmer was to stop Jem Williams inside ten rounds. By "stop" most persons considered Jem Williams was to be knocked out within that period. We find that we, in company with others, have been labouring under a delusion. Palmer has not to knock out Jem Williams in order to win the stakes and the match. The contest will be decided on points. To most persons this match is not one taken in all seriousness. We don't know how Jem Williams is doing his training, but only recently we observed "Pedlar" Palmer driving a trap. Even a defeat of Jem Williams will not rehabilitate "Pedlar" Palmer in the eyes of the British public for his one round defeat by Terry McGovern.

The match between Dick Burge and Jack Scales is now receiving quite a little attention. Jack Scales visited us last week and announced his intention of seeking some seaside resort such as Brighton in order to train for the forthcoming match. We should advise Scales, who is a strong, hardy fellow, to seek a more northern watering-place than Brighton, and warm up his blood by breezes from the North Sea. As this match is at catch-weight, the better eater, the better fighter, and the neighbourhood of Grimsby, if Jack must be near the briny, would be more suitable than Brighton. Scales "had 'em on" at the Agricultural Hall last week with "Pongo," of Norwich, and shaped fairly well. Dick Burge, in company with his old pal "Jumper" Howe, has decided on taking Brighton for his breathings, so it would not do for Scales to put up in that direction. The odds at the present time are greatly in favour of Scales, who in the end may prove quite as tricky as the young Baileys of the present day, in describing whom the immortal Mrs. Gamp remarked, "All the wickedness of the world is print to him."

HE LEFT THEM IN HIS POCKET.

A Discovery that Brought Trouble in the Family.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SHE was a pretty girl, tall, about twenty years of age, and was employed as a stenographer by Mr. Shaw Walker, in whose office she spent the day at business. Last week, at the hour of one or lunch time, Miss Moffatt, arrayed in hat and jacket, prepared to depart for a light meal, when unfortunately the—ahem!—garter fell to the floor, and Mr. S. W. observed the movement; so, after leaving the office at night, he purchased a pretty pair of suspenders and placed the articles in his pocket, but the wife—"all wives smell out these things"—found the pretty articles, and, as usual, demanded an explanation, which, of course, Mr. S. W. with ready business wit answered, but Mrs. S. W. still doubts the story and retains possession.

LIFE IN THE GAYEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

A Ball in Paris, with Beauties in Every Costume.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PERHAPS one of the gayest scenes that can be realised is a masque ball held in Paris. Here men and women of all nationalities mix with the festive throng. Costumes for which fabulous prices have been paid and every variety that art could design to adorn the wearer can be seen. Fair ladies with their partners, either dancing or sitting at the small tables over which hang lamps of many colours, heighten the fairy-like effect. One lady, stretched at full length on a couch, sipping the ruby wine, was a striking picture by herself, with her hat, gloves, and sweetly-scented handkerchief carelessly thrown aside beside her.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Norah Sullivan, Mr. Le Neve, Frank Lowry, Matt Palmer, Bill Hullett, Harry Smith, Barney Sheppard, William Griffiths (of Wales), George Collins, George Johnson, Jack Lewis, "Pedlar" Palmer, Billy Gordon, Mr. McKay, C. E. Carter Ben Bridgewater, Arthur Abbott (trainer), Harry Chamberlain, Alf Cohen (Dalston), George Cooper, "Silly" Billy Elliott (comedian, Newcastle), Joey Robins (Newcastle), Joe Rowe (patriarch of the prize-ring), Bill Harper, Jem Barry, Solly Smith, Albert Hollings, Bill Eacott, Dick Golding, Harry Kendal, Patsey Driscoll, Jack Jenkins, jun., and Dave Peters.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for Chad Heald, H. Cullis (boxing booth proprietor), J. F. White (three), Dick Burge, Frank Leon (comedian), J. Fitzgibbons (two), Pat Condon, Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer), George Slark, Matt Precious, Dick Jordan, James ("Kid") Foley (two), Bobby Dobbs, Claude Thompson, Bill Heffernan (South Africa), Billy Plimmer, Jem Hall, George Fox Giles, Dick Burge, C. McCoy, J. Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons (three), Jem Holloway, P. Gorman, H. Chance Newton, George Matthews, Ted Wakeham, Matthew Wellington Wood, Driver Pincher, J. Eden, Ernie Greaves, Mace Williams, and P. J. King, Esq.

OUR WAR COLUMN.

BULLER ADVANCING

BIG BATTLE REPORTED.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

BULLER AND WARREN IN CONCERT.

It is now definitely known that important operations are proceeding at the front. A combined movement of a most comprehensive character is now being developed. The enemy's trenches at Grobler's Kloof have been evacuated. Military experts believe that the Boers are concentrating their forces farther to the north.

THERE is a general movement among the troops at Estcourt. About 11,000 left last Wednesday in the direction of Weenen.

The scouts were astonished at the absence of the enemy. Even the trenches at Grobler's Kloof, their strongest position, were entirely vacated.

BOERS RETIRING NORTHWARD.

The enemy are believed to have returned towards Ladysmith. There are no signs of a commando on the Colenso heights. It is thought that the Boers retired on hearing that a column had gone, via Weenen and Helpmakaar, to cut off their retreat.

WARREN ACROSS THE TUGELA.

The authorities have received news that Sir Charles Warren has crossed the Tugela and occupied a strong position north of the river.

LADYSMITH'S RELIEF PREDICTED.

It is reported here that Sir Charles Warren is operating with his column from Springfield, and that General Buller is directing a flank movement from Weenen. It is expected here that Ladysmith will be relieved.

IN ZULULAND.

An important movement in connection with General Buller's plan of campaign has been disclosed by the arrival of ten train-loads of troopers and horses from the front. These are to serve as a Mounted Flying Column to operate in Zululand. The column started last night by the up-coast railway line to the mouth of the Tugela, whence the men will take to the saddle. Their main object is said to be to attack the Boer cattle raiders, whose depredations have been the cause of so much unrest in Zululand for two months past. The column will cross the border of the New Republic, and march through the mountainous district of Zululand. It is confidently expected that this will have a good effect upon the Zulus, and put an end to the irritating raids. The English refugees who have been commandeered to fight against their countrymen are still escaping from the Free State into Basutoland. Those who cannot get away are evidently having a cruel time. One refugee informed me that several Free State burghers who displayed cowardice at the Belmont fight were afterwards publicly jamboked as an example to the others. Splendid rains have fallen in Basutoland, and the river is full. Locusts are in myriads, and are doing immense damage to the crops. The Government has organised labour parties, who are destroying them at the walking stage.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, January 6, 1900.

EDITOR THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

JEM JEFFRIES and Jem Corbett have agreed to meet in the ring within three months, and not wait until next September. This conclusion was the outcome of an off-hand meeting between Billy Brady and Tom O'Rourke yesterday afternoon. Corbett and the champion are to fight on March 15, and both Brady and Corbett say that there will not be any further change. The selection of an earlier date came about in a peculiar way. Brady happened to stroll into the Delavan House and met O'Rourke. The former remarked: "Say, Tom, what kind of cracks is Sharkey making about desiring to fight Jeffries again? You know that Jeff is only too anxious to fight him, and he can have another match just as soon as he likes." O'Rourke was evidently unprepared for this piece of information. He thought Brady was joking and smiled. After the offer was repeated O'Rourke said: "I thought you were kidding, Billy, I'll go ahead and draw up articles of agreement and sign them at once for a fight to be decided, say, in March. How does that strike you?" "All right," was Brady's reply. Articles were at once drawn up. Just as Brady was about to fix his signature he said hurriedly: "Before I go ahead I want it understood that if Corbett, who is matched to fight Jeff next September, kicks against this battle, I have the right to cancel things and let the champion clash with Corbett first. You know I don't care to slight him or give him an impression that Jeffries is afraid of him." This was acceptable to O'Rourke and articles were signed, calling for a match of twenty-five rounds before the club offering the best purse, subject to cancellation. While this conference was in progress "Kid" McCoy and "Honest" John Kelly dropped in. When McCoy learned what had been done he said, "I suppose Sharkey won't take me on now for a year. That's hard luck! There is no other alternative for me but to fight Ruhlin. I guess I'll go after him." When Brady met Corbett he said to the ex-champion, "I have just signed Jeffries to fight Sharkey before the champion meets you, Jem. Are you satisfied to let them fight?" Corbett was beside himself at once. He thought Brady was trying to avoid him, and his face flushed with anger. "No, no!" he shouted. "He signed to fight me first, and he has got to keep his word. If he doesn't I want his forfeit. I have been training hard for five weeks, and am in good trim." "Well, we don't want to wait until September, you know!" "I'll go ahead with the battle next March and fight him then," said Corbett. "How does that suit you? This is no bluff on my part. I mean business. Take me on first, and if you care to let Jeffries face Sharkey ninety days later, why, all right." Brady agreed, and the articles, which were signed a few months ago, were produced, and the date changed to March 15. Regarding the affair, Corbett said: "I will commence to work in a serious way at once. I am in good health and feel as strong and as frisky as I did when I won the championship from Sullivan in 1892. I will spend a few weeks at Hot Springs and then ship my paraphernalia to Far Rockaway, where I expect to train. I will have either 'Kid' McCoy or Gus Ruhlin to train me. You can gamble that I will be in first-class shape." The Sharkey-Jeffries encounter will be fought on the same lines as when the pair met at Coney Island last November. It will be for twenty-five rounds, under Marquis of Queensberry Rules. The battle will likely take place in May. Jem Corbett will have to look elsewhere for a trainer, for he was notified by "Kid" McCoy that the latter would not accept the job. Corbett is anxious to get into the best possible shape for his battle with Jem Jeffries, and picked McCoy as the most available man to prepare him. The "Kid" gives as his reasons for declining that he has no time to look out for the welfare of other pugilists, because he has several matches on hand himself and that he wants to do his work alone. In all likelihood Gus Ruhlin will be engaged. McCoy is now hard at work at White Plains for his contest with Joe Choynski. Before he left town yesterday he presented to matchmaker George Considine a watch chain made of gold and gun metal and studded with two diamonds. The gift, according to McCoy, was a birthday present.

Should George Dixon receive his first real knock-out at the hands of Terry McGovern next Tuesday night, when the pair will come together for the feather-weight title, which Dixon has held ever since 1890, his many admirers in this city and elsewhere will go broke. For a fight in which little fellows are the principals the betting thus far has been little short of phenomenal. McGovern's youth, bull-dog courage, and ability to land a hard punch with either hand are the factors which have prompted the sports to make him an odds-on favourite. Men who never speculated before are plunging wildly on McGovern, and for the time being Dixon's wonderful record, his successful defence of his crowd for the past decade, and the fact that he is yet to be defeated by a knock-out, seem to be ignored in the present case. His manager, Tom O'Rourke, states that the champion is in great trim, and that if he loses no excuses will be offered. Many of the local sporting men who are close observers of the game pick McGovern to win before the limit.

Mr. Al Smith, the most prominent sporting man in America, says: "There is nothing to it. McGovern will win before the fifteenth round. See how easily he whipped 'Pedlar' Palmer. Palmer outpointed Dave Sullivan, Johnny Murphy, Dixon, and other pugilists. I am betting all the money that I can raise at 10 to 6, and I feel very confident of landing my wagers." Most of the sporting men who witnessed the battle between "Kid" McCoy and Peter Maher unite in declaring that it was a great contest, and that McCoy is a marvel of quickness, cleverness, and hitting powers for his height and weight. They predict that in a year or so the young Hoosier pugilist will be a formidable rival for Jeffries. The reporter asked several experts for their opinions of McCoy. Billy Madden said: "He is a great fighter and a hard hitter. Maher made a mistake in not roughing more than he did. He was all at sea as soon as he tried to out-spar McCoy. The 'Kid' can fool anyone who tries to do this." Billy Edwards remarked: "McCoy is a wonder. He is the best heavy-weight we have now, barring of course Jeffries. I fancy he will soon be able to tackle the champion. I think McCoy is just as clever as Corbett ever was. What is more he is a fighter, too." Sam Fitzpatrick said: "McCoy in his present shape is hard to beat. The only man capable of giving him a fight, outside of Jeffries, is Tommy Ryan." Al Smith, who backed McCoy, thinks the "Kid" will soon rank as the best heavy-weight of the day. "I would not advise him to tackle Jeffries just now," Smith said. "He ought to wait a little while longer and wipe out the defeat which he received at the hands of Sharkey. The public would like to see these two men come together. It would give the sports a real line on McCoy's chances against such a husky, strong man as our present champion."

While at the Hot Springs, Arkansas, Tom Sharkey, the pugilist, was punching the bag in the gymnasium of the bath house there when a handsome man, wearing the frock of a priest, strolled in. He watched the giant at his work for five minutes and then said: "Why, Tom, don't you know me?" "No," said Tom briefly, smashing the bag in the solar plexus and banging it against the ceiling with a resounding crash. "Why, I'm Jack McGill, your old chum and schoolmate," the priest said. Then the brawny pugilist hugged the priest and the two spent an hour recalling their boyish days, when they both attended the same school and chummed it after hours in their native town in Ireland. Father McGill has a parish here.

"Doc" Payne, of Cleveland, "Kid" McCoy's sparring partner, who has met several good men in the ring, made a wretched showing against Tommy West, of Boston, at the Greenwood A.C. The mill was scheduled for twenty rounds at catch-weights. Payne, however, did not do well, and West found no trouble in whipping the westerner in two rounds. Payne's performances surprised even West, who expected hard game. Payne was not knocked out, but would surely have been put to sleep had the affair continued.

James F. Dougherty has a champion. His name is Eddie Lenny. A lack of faith in the abilities of the crack of his stable is certainly not one of Dougherty's faults. He writes to me to say that Ben Jordan, Oscar Gardner, and even game little Terry McGovern have all flunked out of matches with Lenny. He also says that McGovern is a sure loser in his bout with Dixon.

Al Weinig, the cyclist-boxer, and Dick O'Brien fought fourteen rounds at the Olympic Club, Buffalo. In their previous bout O'Brien put Weinig out in three rounds. Under the rules, as the club interpreted them, Weinig could put his sinewy arm around O'Brien's neck and pummel him in the stomach. O'Brien received the same privilege, but did not avail himself of it to any extent. For ten rounds it was bloody and very even. Then Weinig's punishment began to tell on O'Brien's stomach. Dick was taken sick after the fourteenth round, and could not rise at the gong. Weinig got the decision.

"Stockings" Conroy, of this city, knocked out Jack McCormick, of Texas, before the Manhattan A.C. of Troy. The fight was scheduled to go twenty rounds, but McCormick was put to sleep in the fourth with a right swing on the jaw.

THE TATTLER.

BOXING GLOVES.—Recruits being prepared for the Transvaal have a deal of spare time on their hands, which is generally spent in the canteen. There being many boxers among them, these are wishful to keep their hands in by teaching others. Would any person having any spare boxing gloves send them to the Aldershot Gymnasium for distribution?

YOUNG INGRAM, of Belfast, will box any lad in Ireland at 6st 6lb, give or take 2lb, for the best purse offered. Young Ingram can be heard of at the Albert Club, Commercial Court, Belfast.

THE STONEMASON'S LOVE.

I WAS brought up to the sound of the song and the hammers which marked its rhythm, as the stone-cutters worked and sung, from morning to night. From the time that I was old enough to walk I passed my time in the stoneyard, seated on a stone, watching with admiration and delight the movements of the men and listening to the different sounds produced by the varying quality of the stones under the mallet and chisel. The men filled me with delighted enthusiasm. There was one who impressed me more than any of the others, and whose memory is vivid in my mind to this day He was a fine figure of a man, tall, strong, healthy, and his face seemed to have absorbed some expression from his profession, it was so stern, calm, and unchangeable. His name, I think, was Joseph Roberts, but he was called "Silence" by the other workmen, on account of his rarity of speech. He was liked by everyone, however, for in his silence there was nothing churlish, but simply the revelation of a quiet nature. "Silence" took his meals with the other workmen at a little boarding-house in the village. The house was an example of the old-fashioned country inn, and through its wide halls and big rooms there now resounded the laughter of a pretty girl. Why Silence should have fallen in love with eighteen-year-old Marie when he must have been much older than she, and more subdued and reticent, it is hard to say. I was at the age when one is not particularly interested in these things. The fact remains that this seemingly cold, hard man performed for the girl a thousand little acts of tender thoughtfulness, and changed colour at a smile or word from her. I remember that he went every evening when work was over to pick a bouquet, that she might have in her window a bunch of her favourite field flowers. Soon the condition of his heart was a secret to no one, his companions having surprised many a look of admiration thrown to Marie, and then there commenced a series of mockeries and rough, good-natured jests, of which he was the victim. But he, wrapped in his silence and his dream, worked away and paid no attention to what went on around him. They used to think that he did not even hear them talk, but the day came when they found out their mistake. Marie herself seemed to have found pleasure in taming this savage and finally showed quite openly, by her smiles and glances, that she wished to encourage her lover still further. It was understood that they were to be married, though I think nothing had been arranged definitely between them. About this time a new workman came to the yard, an Italian named Ranco, who became, from the moment of his arrival, a personal enemy of Silence. It is no wonder that this was the case, as Ranco was conceited, loud, and a runner after girls, rumour even stating that he was a breaker of hearts. He looked the part, too, with his black eyes, curly hair, and handsome face. He took his meals with the others, and it was plainly seen that Marie was not insensible to the languishing looks he bestowed upon her. All her tender little attentions to Silence ceased also, and she became changed, so that everyone noticed it. Her laugh came less often, and had no longer a spontaneous ring. She was quiet and silent as her old lover to whom she paid no attention. One day, a day I shall never forget, for I was there, sitting on my stone, and saw it all, Ranco came into the yard with a flower in his coat. "Where did you get the flower?" asked someone. "Marie gave it to me for a kiss," replied Ranco, in his careless way. Silence dropped his mallet and turned toward his rival. "Who?" "Marie—Marie is what I said, old tight-mouth. Have you anything to say?" replied the Italian, insolently, as he picked up his mallet, ready to begin work. "Yes, I have this to say," answered Silence, "that you are a liar! And this to do——" and he snatched the flower from the buttonhole of Ranco's coat. With a cry of rage Ranco sprang forward, raised his mallet high in the air and brought it down with a crash upon Silence's head. He dropped to the ground instantly. In the excitement which followed the Italian escaped and it was not until they knew that their friend was dead that they thought of his murderer. It was too late. Ranco had gone and no trace of him was ever found. Marie was inconsolable. For months she would see no one, would speak to no one. Her face took an expression of stern silence which much resembled that of her dead lover. Her nervous prostration was such that her friends became anxious for her health, the one and only remedy was found in the Little Diamond Liver Pills, and Marie's health was restored. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

ANDREW WOOD,

A Clever Lad who Hails from Gateshead, and Met Jack Yarwood at the Standard Theatre, January 15.

"BOBS."

Lord Roberts, G.C.B., R.A., V.C., Commanding the British Forces in South Africa.

IN TOUCH WITH THE ENEMY.

Sharp Engagement with a Boer Outpost by Thorneycroft's Patrol.

HE LEFT THEM IN HIS POCKET.

A Discovery that Brought Trouble in the Family.

HUSBAND AND WIFE LOST IN THE SNOW.

Rescued by Friends After Twelve Hours' Exposure.

SPORTSMEN FOR THE FRONT.—A most successful concert was held at the Lion Hotel for the farewell of Mr. W. Maltby, jun., who has volunteered to go out to South Africa on active service; also Mont Wells and S. Pope. The latter is a Coldstream Reserve, who has been abroad and only arrived home on Thursday last, but will sail out with the Yeomanry. They all mustered at Norwich last Monday week. The latter two, it will be remembered, were well-known comic singers in Cambridgeshire, Norwich, and district; the former was a well-known clog dancer and banjo player. He will be missed by the Norwich Football Club, as he was one of the best forwards they had had in the team for a good many years. The trio went by 4.5 train on the Monday afternoon, attended by a good number of friends, &c. As the train steamed out of the station three hearty cheers were given for the men who were so nobly going to do their duty. It will be interesting to our readers to learn that some gentlemen well known in racing circles have volunteered for the front, and having passed the requisite medical examination will leave England in about a fortnight's time. Amongst them are Messrs. J. and W. Goodliff, W. Woodland, C. B. Taber, and E. H. Hampton. They have all joined Lord Chesham's troop.

IN ADDITION TO W. J. Sturgess, P. M. Calder, and D. Donoghue, two other members of the Polytechnic Harriers will shortly be proceeding to the front in South Africa—viz., E. W. Hopkins (City Volunteers) and V. R. Hoare, vice-president (Imperial Yeomanry).

FOUR MEMBERS OF the City of Westminster Swimming Club, in the persons of Sergeant A. Dunbar (London Rifle Brigade) C. J. Redmond (Bloomsbury Rifles), G. Wright, and J. Budd have volunteered for service at the front. Dunbar, in addition to winning a number of club prizes, won the quarter of a mile scratch race (open to employes of the Army and Navy Stores) last October, beating S. Ross (fireman), who finished third in the National Diving Championship last July, somewhat easily. Redmond has gained several club events, and secured the sealed handicap of his club, which was decided in the Thames on July 15, 1899, over 1,000yd, at Kingston, in conjunction with the captaincy race, C.W.S.C., in which G. Simmons finished first.

DEATH OF A NOTED CRICKETER.—Early last week there died at Spa Bottom, Lepton, "Billy" Bates, one of the most dashing cricketers that Yorkshire ever possessed, whose career was cut short by the accident to his eye whilst practising in Melbourne when he was in Australia with Mr. G. F. Vernon's team in 1887-8. A chill caught at the funeral of Thewlis on New Year's Day was the immediate cause of death.

DEATH OF J. TREBEL, THE "FLYING Newsvendor."—Fleet Street and the Strand have their celebrities, but none more so than the "Flying Newsvendor," J. Trebel, who, a feature of our youth for more than forty years past, was a feature both in the Strand and Fleet Street by his eccentric walking. Trebel was like another gentleman in Fleet Street who manufactures news, he never won a walking match to our knowledge, but he was invariably to be seen at Old Brompton Running Grounds clad in the lightest of attire going through his paces in the hope of attracting attention and a backer. Trebel is said to have won six walking matches, but history sayeth not where. The "Flying Newsvendor" never deserted his colours, for after standing at the door of the *Globe* newspaper in the Strand disposing of the copies of editions for twenty-seven years he was taken bad early last week, when, handicapped by pneumonia, he was caught in the last lap by death. Poor old Trebel, a feature of our boyish days, was buried on Friday at Nunhead Cemetery.

DEATH OF MRS. TIPPETT.—The West of England sporting fraternity will be sorry to hear of the death of Beatrice Tippett, the wife of Dick Tippett, the once champion short-distance runner and boxer of the West. His determined fight in the old style with Alf Wright, of Plymouth, is still in the memory of those who saw it. Mrs. Tippett died last Friday week at Guernsey.

THE NEW YEAR has been eagerly looked forward to by all the members of the Fox Musical Society, as a special grand concert had been arranged to take place on January 2. Mr. Lloyd, the proprietor of the Fox hostelry, situated in Russell Street, Stepney, will be remembered as the good old sportsman who has made famous many houses in the metropolis, particularly the Sportsman, in Saffron Hill, by various shows of birds and dogs. On this occasion he was very much in evidence, doing his utmost to make the evening a success, in which his good lady ably seconded his efforts. The concert was under the leadership of Mr. S. Van Kollem, and he was the receiver of a more than hearty vote of thanks at the close. After an overture by the pianist, Mr. M. Isaacs, who was cheered to the echo by the audience for his skilful rendering of one of our famous operas, the chairman, that grand old East-end sporting celebrity, Mr. J. Parks, announced that Mr. Van Kollem would open the entertainment. The latter's splendid voice was heard to full advantage in "The King's Own," and "One and All." Alf Bishop sang "Kindness Rewarded," and "Sticking Out." Mr. J. Arundel, the vice-chairman, scored with "Got to Catch a Train," and "Oh, To-morrow"; Arthur Levine, "When I Was a Boy," and "No Show This Evening." Even Gilbert, a clever illusionist, brought many coloured ribbons from nowhere, and performed some wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks. Bros. Ralston, the best turn of the night, had to re-appear after singing three songs, scoring greatly with "The English-Speaking Race," "Landlord and Lodger," and "My Girl, not My Girl." Another fine turn followed them, Alf Goodwin going great with "Here We Are Again," and "The Particular Girl"; Charles Melvern "A Parody on Twenty-five Years Ago," and "Turn Again," when Julia Ascot, from the principal halls, was greatly cheered for "She Was Happy Till She Met You," and as an encore sang in splendid style "Oh, Listen to The Band"; Godfrey Margett recited "Overseer of the Parish," and told the tale "One For You, Two For Me." During the evening Sid Phillips rendered Rudyard Kipling's famous poem "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and made a collection on behalf of Tommy Atkins, which was well responded to.

OLD JOE SPENCER, the champion octogenarian long distance walker, was tendered, by many of his admirers, a benefit last Tuesday and Wednesday at the Walworth Palace of Varieties, Camberwell Gate. It will be remembered that the last performance of this good old timer, over four score years of age, was walking 4,000 miles in 2,000 hours at the Fulham Cross Athletic Grounds. The old gentleman was not well enough to attend on the evening in question, and despite the galaxy of talent it could not have even paid expenses, as the artistes present outnumbered the audience. Among the grand array of talent that appeared, special mention must be made of the best turns of the evening. Miss Cissie Harcourt, versatile comedienne and dancer, who fairly brought down the house with "The Mashers' Promenade" and "The Coal-black Lady," and in response to a hearty greeting was obliged to reappear and sing another coon song as an encore. The lady bids fair to rival even Vesta Tilley in a short time. Nat Lewis was extra good in his impersonation of John Bull, Joanna Lea in "Darling Susie," "Behind the Band," and a song with an unpronounceable French name, Will Tipps, Albert Lee, a good artiste, Harry Goodwin, Sid Dermond, Nellie Granville, and Alexander Lukos, the Yankee, obliged; while the acrobatic business was in the hands of the Osteirs, and Will and Harry Carron, and a sketch by Gus Brewer's combination, "Foiled by Fate." The band was under the direction of Thomas F. O'Dell, and under the capable direction of the manager, Will Bashford, everything went off satisfactorily.

THE AMERICA CUP.—Another Challenge from Sir T. Lipton.—Sir Thomas Lipton, who took his beating in such an excellent spirit, has no intention of letting his friends on the other side of the ocean retain the America Cup with their hands folded. He has issued another challenge, and intends to build another boat to compete for the Cup, which will positively be the best that ever wet a keel, if money and British workmanship can produce it. Mr. G. L. Watson will design the new boat for Sir Thomas, and that in all probability she will be built on the Clyde. Indeed, it is said in yachting circles there that a model of the new challenger is at present being experimented with.

BILLIARDS.—Mr. Jack Benton, proprietor of the Sussex Arms, Sussex Road, Brixton, should do well. He is widely known in licensed victualling, skittle-playing, and athletic circles. It is Mr. Benton's intention to promote a big skittle-playing tournament in the near future, particulars of which will be duly announced. He has a good billiard saloon attached to his premises, and last week Charles Schofield, the marker, beat A. Whiley, a frequenter of the saloon, in a game 300 up level by 89 points for a £10 prize.

CHAMPION SACK-RACER OF England and Wales.—W. Jones, of Merthyr Tydvil, the winner of the above title, originally hailed from Bingley, in Yorkshire. His first performance of note was winning the open 120 and also the district event in 1883 at Bingley. Turning pro., he won two 120's in succession at the old Gymnasium, Edinburgh, and was just beaten on the post for the third. He is well known throughout the whole of Scotland, having won races at almost every place where Scotch games are held. At his last appearance at Powderhall some three years ago he won a 300yds off a small mark in very fast time. Though now getting on in years, he has in the past proved himself one of the very fastest "little" men ever seen over distances of 200 and 300yds. He is thirty-six years of age, stands 5ft 1in, and weighs in condition 9st 5lb.

SPORT AT THE PALACE CLUB.—At the New Palace Club a grand New Year's billiard handicap is in progress. There are thirty-two competitors for three special prizes, the first presented by Mr. H. Taylor, the second and third by the club. The first heat has been decided, and after a fine game F. Turnham, received 80, beat J. Hurley, received 55, by 26. The winner ran away with an extra long lead, the scores at the interval being 160—93 in Mr. Turnham's favour. After some grand play the final was called, 202—176, the best breaks being 26, 15, 18 twice, 14, and 12 twice by the winner, his rival making breaks of 17, 19, 36 (consisting of 18 cannons), 12, 10, &c. The winners of the succeeding heats will be notified in this paper as soon as decided. Bill Fountain acted as marker, with Mr. Charles Ellison as scoretaker.

MR. JACK BIRD, proprietor of the George and Dragon, New North Street, Theobald's Road, has two promising youngsters, Little Bob and Little Jem, appearing and boxing in Joe Elvin's racing sketch, "A Day's Sport," at the Oxford Music Hall. Mr. Bird has made his name famous by promoting a substantial dinner for the children in his immediate locality; 400 are to be appetised, and the little ones are well looked after by Mrs. Bird. This is the second week; upwards of seventy sat down last Friday. Contributions will be duly acknowledged. Last Friday the menu consisted of roast beef, roast mutton, vegetables in season, apples, oranges, ginger ale, and eighty Christmas puddings.

HARRY CHAMBERLAIN would be pleased to hear of any gentlemen who could give him any information of his bag which he left at the Horns public-house, Shoreditch, last Wednesday evening.

BIRD SINGING.—On the 14th there was a good attendance at the Henry the Eighth, Union Street, Boro', the occasion being a chaffinch tournament. Eight pairs of birds were hung up, but the scores ruled small, Mr. Murphy's bird proving the winner, doing 4 score 8. Genial Jack Hammond, of the Fox Hotel, was present. There will be a daylight linnet competition on Saturday next, and a dart tournament in the evening.

BULL TERRIER SHOW.—Years ago the Surrey side was the hot-bed of bull terriers, more especially that of the class known as "business" dogs, or, to put it plain, fighting dogs. Last week I alluded to the shows of Walter Flight and Luke Smekin, and judging from the number of the Fancy that put in an appearance on the 14th, at the Black Bull, High Street, Borough, Caustic and THE MIRROR OF LIFE have rekindled the old fire. We met many we had not seen for years; it was a hearty re-union of the old sort. There were two prizes, one presented by the host, Walter Miller, and one by Wally Wallis, the chairman. In the business class were the following: Howe's Dick, Deadman's Rachell, Schaum's Spider, Simmond's Tub, Porter's Punch, a descendant of the champion trick dog, his model all over; Bexton's Brennar, winner of many battles, sire of many winners, and still undefeated champion at his weight. In the end, after Smith's Rosie had beat her sire, Brennar, she gained the award over Punch. Rosie is a dead ringer of her parent in colour, size, with a punishing skull, and a bit more straight in front, compact all round, and should maintain the reputation of the Paddy strain. The next event was the competition for all white bull terriers. This may be termed the gentleman, or swell, class. The best in the ring were Knowles's Prince, T. Hughes's Vivian, Brooks's Nell, Bishop's Nell, and Brunny's Jack. The last twain met in the final. The judges were not in accord, so Referee Harry Porter gave in to the dog Jack. Well, we have known Harry for a number of years, and although we have agreed and disagreed when we have been officiating together, there were the best of judges present. Still Harry Carrington ("Caustic") thought the bitch had won; but there, if there was no difference of opinion, where would sport be? The judges were Jack Atkinson, W. Rusion, Wally Wallis. Referee, Harry Porter ("The Admirer"). There was not a word of doubt throughout the evening at the verdicts, so the Black Bull under this regime will revive old times. Walter Miller intends to maintain the prestige of the canine fancy of the Surrey side. More power to his efforts! May he succeed is the wish of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

R.A.O.B. (HOXTON) HOSPITAL SO-ciety's Sports.—Bungs and boxers are asked to attend the Weavers' Arms, Drysdale Street, Hoxton, upon Sunday morning next at 1.15 o'clock. Now, fancy a Sunday morning and a concert too, and in a public-house! Well, this is for the benefit of the Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Road, still struggling on, and yet so sadly in want of funds. Now, Miss (charming) Oliph Webb (Britannia Theatre), do the society another service, and try and bring those attractive Misses Sharplin with you—oh! I'd almost forgotten Miss Florrie and Maggie Kelsey, and of course Jemmy Dunlop will bring up the rear. Bro. Bellamy is in the chair. Primo Elijah Maidment and Jem Perry will be on the door, and host Tom Robinson, after a long spell of illness, with his pretty daughter will ask you for a penny in the "box" (but silver preferred), all for charity's sake, charity's sake, the sick and suffering.

ROSIE, bull terrier bitch, the winner of the trophy at the Black Bull last Sunday, can be matched against anything at her weight—viz., 16lb. Nothing barred in London for £10 to £50 a-side—now, don't all speak at once! Answer to THE MIRROR OF LIFE and Harry Carrington will bring matters to a head.

SHE THOUGHT HIM A THIEF.

The Husband Did a Little Shooting.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MRS. KEMP, of Tuan, was keeping shop during her husband's absence when a rather well-dressed man came in and made inquiries respecting the various articles. After bringing out several for his inspection she became suspicious and removed the goods from the counter. This irritated the man, and he brought his heavy stick down heavily on the counter. Mrs. Kemp grasped it, thinking the man would strike her, and in the struggle was drawn almost over the counter just as her husband entered. He, supposing his wife was attacked, drew a pistol and fired, fortunately missing his intended victim. A gentleman in blue was called, when explanations were mutually accepted.

A COUPLE OF SOUBRETTES SCRAP OVER A TURKEY.

After the Fight they Threw for the Bird.

(Subject of Illustration).

THE real and unadulterated article, something realistic, was seen, not before the footlights, but behind the scenes, when a couple of soubrettes disputed between them the right to possess a turkey sent as a present to pretty Miss Maude. Both claimed the name and the bird. Then, to the surprise of the other members, a hair-pulling match started, and, tightly clutching the bird with one hand, they scratched and pulled each other until separated, when peace was only settled by the ownership going to her who should rattle the ivories and gain the highest throw.

A SKATER MEETS WITH AN UNPLEASANT ACCIDENT.

His Future Wife Effects a Timely Rescue.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DURING the recent hard frost, when some of the London youths took advantage of a few days' skating, preparations in the Fen districts for holding the championship meetings looked like being completed, when the ice broke up, and warm winds put an end to the sport. Over the fast melting ice, Mr. Marston tried to snatch a few hours' recreation on his skates, while Miss H. Emblin stood on the bank and watched his evolutions. Without a moment's warning the ice suddenly gave way, and the young man being encumbered with his skates, found it almost impossible to extricate himself. Miss Emblin came to his rescue. Climbing on the trunk of a tree, she, with outstretched arm and hand, grasped his wrist, and enabled her lover to escape from what might have had a fatal termination.

HUSBAND AND WIFE LOST IN THE SNOW.

Rescued by Friends After Twelve Hours Exposure.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SO far the winter may be said to be very mild, even for this country, but in the more northern latitudes of Norway and Sweden the country is ice bound, and this will last for several months. A severe storm was experienced at Bergen, a fishing village on the coast. About eight miles from this spot a Swede and his wife were crossing the country when overtaken, and the couple were twelve hours in the snow. The man nearly succumbed, but his wife bravely stayed by his side, and with the last drain of brandy managed to sustain him until relief arrived, when both were rescued. The relief party had been searching the hills for many hours before they heard the woman's cry for help to guide them.

"MIRROR OF LIFE" LESSONS IN BOXING FOR BOYS.

FOURTH LESSON.

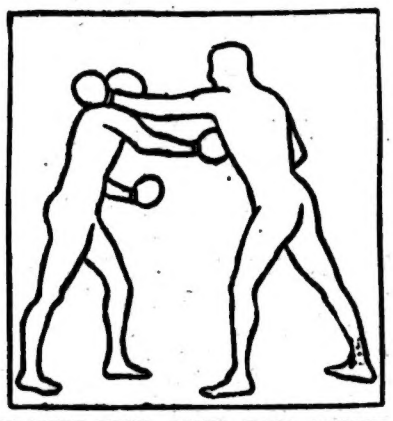
DUCKING, SIDE-STEPPING, IN-FIGHTING, GYMNASIUM WORK.

(COPYRIGHT.)

For the sake of convenience it might be well for you to cut out one of the pictures that accompany this week's lesson and paste it up in your room where you can consult it from day to day. I mean the picture of the two chaps who look as though they have five arms apiece. (What a boxer a five-armed man would be!) The five arms on each man represent good and much-used arm defences for any blow that can be struck. They are worth studying. AA is the right hand parry for face blows. BB is left-hand parry for the face. C is left-hand guard for a left-hand body blow aimed at the heart or at the wind. D is a right-hand body guard, and E and F are left-hand guards for the body. AA and BB are also good guards for swings for the face, as F and G are good guards for body swings. G is also a good guard for blows aimed at wind or heart.

I have now taught you the primary blows of boxing. All the others are more or less variations of these.

For instance, the celebrated half-hook is



STRAIGHT DUCK, RIGHT HAND COUNTER.

a short arm swing delivered at close quarters with the arm crooked at the elbow instead of extended as in a swing and the hand landing on the thick portion just below the thumb instead of the back of the knuckles.

A jolt is a blow delivered at close quarters, the arm being bent and almost rigid and most of the force derived by "throwing your body into the blow."

An uppercut is really a vertical half-hook or swing. When an opponent in rushing you or in close quarters work leaves chest and jaw sufficiently exposed, bring your left arm up in a sort of swing, which should travel upward in a straight line, landing, if possible, under his chin. If you can't land there, hit his face. Throw the shoulder and body into this blow, getting in as much of a swinging motion as you can. If the blow lands squarely and with much force just under the chin it will probably floor him. It is better for fighting than for a friendly bout.

Remember that quickness—both of brain, eye, and muscle—is the very keynote of boxing. Train yourself to observe possible openings, and when you think you see your chance hit like lightning, for in a fraction of a second that chance will probably be gone.

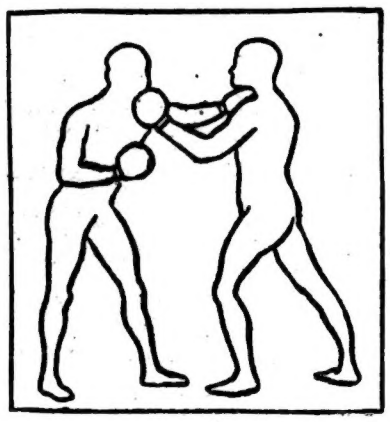
The upper-cut is best used, perhaps, when your opponent leads with his left, and in doing so chances to throw the head somewhat forward. The upper-cut is really a sort of counter. To guard against it throw the head back out of reach or to one side, and lead at the same time for his face with your left, or at his heart with your right.

A cross parry is another old but good trick. I will lead for your face with my left. Catch my blow in such fashion with your left arm that the left side of your wrist is against the left side of mine. Manage to do this when my arm is extended as nearly as possible to the full and when you are far enough away to avoid the blow by bending back. Throw your left arm sharply to the left, carrying mine before it. This (if I'm far forward and thus shaky in my balance for the moment) will twist my whole body sideways. Take advantage of the moment before I can recover and bring your right glove across to my unprotected jaw. Your right will land on the left side of my face, and the blow is a good one.

Now we will try a little ducking.

The straight duck is most often used. Stand in your usual position. When I lead for your face with either right or left hand bend your head forward and to the left, moving it in a sort of half-circle far enough to let the blow pass over your head. As you do this you can either take a step backward with your right foot, following it with the left, and thus getting out of reach, or you can step in with the left foot and land on heart or wind. In straight ducking keep your knees rigid and your left arm in such a position that your adversary cannot uppercut you.

Ducking to the side is also useful at times. When I lead for you with my left



UPPERCUT.

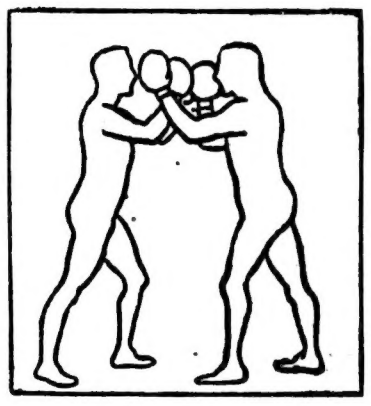
turn your left shoulder forward and to the left, letting the head and the rest of the body above the waist move naturally with the gesture. Turn until your shoulders are about at right angles to their former position, at the same time bending the left knee. This will usually take you out of the way of your opponent's blows. You may at the same time lead for his body with your left hand.

When at close quarters try to get your arms inside your opponent's and deliver as many blows as you can for heart, wind, and face before he can retaliate. When, for instance, he swings or leads straight for your face with either hand, block his blow, and while your glove is still between his right guard and his face, strike a short-arm blow for whatever portion of his anatomy is nearest you. When you can get both arms at the same time into this enviable position you can have a really delightful time with him. This is known as in-fighting. In such cases don't draw your arms back in order to deliver the blow, but make your shoulders supply the force

Remember in all sorts of boxing that the whole body must do its share and that the shoulders are an important factor.

A good way to avoid a rush is by "slipping." (Practise this also with dumb-bells in the gymnasium.) When a man rushes you duck to the side and step out with the left foot at right angles to your regular position. Then turning sharply to the left and bringing your right foot around at the same time you can easily fall into position facing your opponent, wherever he may happen to be. All depends on absolute quickness. If you are rapid enough in this manœuvre you may even be able to get back at him before he recovers from his futile rush.

Side stepping is a similar trick. To do this, wait until your opponent leads heavily for your face. Then bring back the left foot alongside of the right, move the right foot quickly to the right, following it with



INFIGHTING.

the body and with your left foot and falling into position so that you can, if possible, get in a blow at your opponent before he recovers his balance.

There is one evil you must avoid. Don't allow yourself to get overtired or to box too long in a single day. As soon as you feel fatigued stop.

At most you must only box about six rounds of two minutes apiece each day. Take a minute's rest between each two rounds.

I also advise you to avoid swings until you become a good enough boxer to decide for yourself whether or not they are of any use. Personally I never use them, as I have said before; I think they leave a man too much exposed. I am always glad when an opponent swings for me, for then I am sure to find he has left some opening that I can take advantage of.

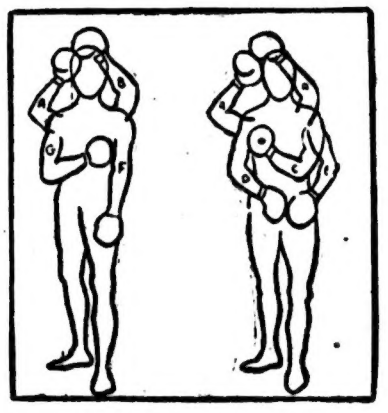
Here is the daily routine I advise:—

Go through the morning exercises I described in my first lesson with you, not forgetting to jump, sidestep, &c., with the dumbbells and to spar with them at an imaginary opponent. Then after school put on your boxing clothes and do the following gymnastic work.

First punch the bag. Punch it two minutes, then rest a minute. Do this four times. Use the heavy bag alone in the beginning. That will teach you hard hitting. Later on use the light bag as well to teach you fast hitting and footwork. Don't stand up and slug the bags. Go at them as if they were real enemies. Hit; get out of the way; get back with another blow, calculating your distance, and practise on them all the blows I have taught you.

Then rest while your sparring partner tries his hand at the bag, or else take a turn or two at the elastic "exercise strap." This strap is useful in developing the arms, chest, and shoulders. Stretch it to its full extent first with both arms stretched far apart in front of you, then behind you; then one arm up and one down, then both over your head; then one before you and one behind. Don't overdo this. Three times for each movement is enough for the first day. Increase by one each day.

Then when you are both rested begin to box. Don't go over six rounds of two minutes each. Try to help each other, correcting each other's mistakes and going over difficult points again and again until both have mastered them. Before beginning the regular boxing each day go through the various points I have shown you (blows, counters,



ARM PARRIES FOR ALL BLOWS.

footwork, parries, &c.), first one of you acting as teacher and then the other.

If either of you tire stop until rested. If very tired stop for the day.

After the boxing take a bath, dry with a coarse crash towel, rubbing the flesh into a glow; then rub down with alcohol or witch hazel, and kneed the various muscles, suppling them and pinching them gently with the fingers.

Wrestling is also good exercise if you have any strength left over after your daily gymnasium work. But if you wrestle at all do it in moderation, and avoid straining yourself. Also avoid too much work on horizontal bars, or swinging from rings by the arms.

Too much of such work is liable to make you muscle-bound and destroy your hitting powers. In all your athletic work employ swift movements; don't loaf or go slowly. Any carthorse can do that. You lose by it.

Skipping the rope may be added to this course of exercise. Skip twenty times the first day, adding five or ten per day till you reach 200. Don't skip the rope more often that 200 times a day at most. If this entire course is too much for you at first, cut it down, increasing it slowly as your strength increases.

Next week I will teach you how to take care of yourself in a street fight and a trick or two which will make you victorious.

(To be continued.)

A RUN WITH THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS.

Followers have a Splendid Afternoon's Hunting.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The different hunting centres have been having capital sport. The followers of the Royal pack have had several splendid runs. The master, the Earl of Coventry, being in the field shortly before noon the deer was uncarted, and going away at a great pace led the field an enjoyable run. There were two or three spills, but nothing serious resulted.

IN TOUCH WITH THE ENEMY.

Sharp Engagement with a Boer Outpost by Thorneycroft's Patrol.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Not far from Frere Camp Thorneycroft's patrol came in touch with the advance scouts of the Boers and exchanged shots. One Boer completely taken by surprise was sent from the saddle before he could level his pistol. There being a large force at Little Tugela Bridge the patrol retired without loss. The Boers are suffering from shortness of food, and their horses are said to be breaking down from sickness, and the native feeling is against them and are in sympathy with the British.

HOW DAVID ST. JOHN FOUGHT HIS LAST FIGHT.

AT BELMONT, in the charge up the Kaffir Kopje, David St. John came face to face with a Boer as big as himself. They had a bit of a scuffle. The Guardsman gave Mr. Boer a lunge with his bayonet, so hard that he drove it right over the hilt and crossguard, and not being able to extract it he was practically unarmed, and while endeavouring to withdraw it another Boer shot him clean through the temple, both Boer and Briton lying one on top of the other, both quite dead.

To read about this Weshman bold
Is a romantic story,
As in the fray Dave fought his way
For *Duty* not for *Glory*.
In that grim fight on blood-stained height
Each soldier die or do man,
Dave met one Boer 'mong many more
Who proved a worthy foeman.
With bayonet fixed they fighting mixed
'Till burly Boer cried "Fain it!"
But bold St. John was taking none
And drove right home his bayonet.
When David's blade in that Boer stayed
And left him cold and senseless,
It went so hard past the cross-guard
That Dave was left defenceless.
Now, brave St. John, with weapon gone,
Would to no Boer cry "Quarter,"
He fights in vain, for ball in brain
Adds St. John to the slaughter.

BEN HARRIS'S SHOW.

BEN HARRIS was fortunate last Monday with his show at the Tee-To-Tum Club, Stamford Hill. Eight Rounds Contest: Jem Guinn beat Harry Connell. Eight Rounds Contest: Bill Corbett beat Ted Knight. Six Rounds Contest: Angus Griffo beat Pearson ("Scotch Laddie"). Six Rounds Contest: Ted Ware beat Arthur Valentine. George Slark, "Sailor" Richardson, and Jem Williams were introduced. Six Rounds Contest: George Cunningham beat Harry Spurden. Three Rounds Exhibition: Johnny Thomas v. Harry Paul; "Sailor" Richardson v. George Slark. Ben Harris's next entertainment takes place on January 29.

W. WALLER WRITES:—In reply to the challenge of a gentleman for "Darkey" Thomas in your issue of last week, I wish it to be understood that my challenge was to fight any lad in Neath either a limited contest or to a finish, but as that gentleman is anxious to match his lad I don't mind undertaking to stop him in eight rounds (Queensberry Rules) for £5 when and where he likes.

THE 7st 4lb CHAMPIONSHIP, promoted by Con Donovan, will take place on Tuesday next, January 23, at St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road. There is a splendid entry, besides which several champions will spar.

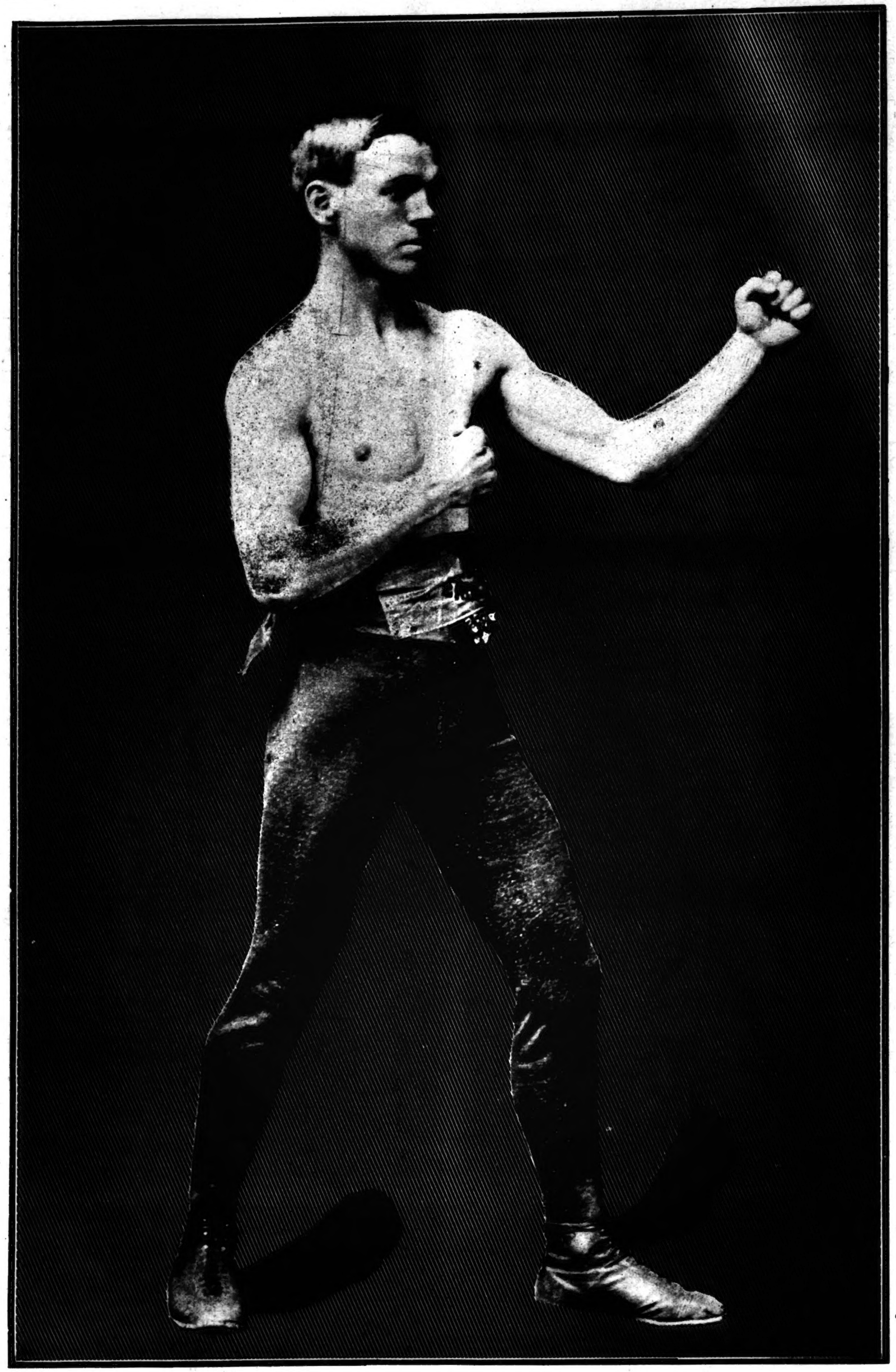
NAT SMITH V. WILL CURLEY.—We have received a large pictorial poster from Jemmy Lowes, notifying the fact that the match between Will Curley, of Newcastle, and Nat Smith, of London, for £650 will take place next Monday, January 22, at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle. The men are to be in the ring at 8.30 prompt, and prices range from 3s. to £2. In addition to the above there will be a ten rounds contest between Tim Kelly and J. Tate, both of Newcastle.

CHARLEY PAUL would like to box Pat Day, if Dick Hook will give a purse. Charley Morris can also be accommodated.

ANCHOR BOXING CLUB, — Mr. R. Upton wishes to inform secretaries and others of amateur boxing clubs that he has resigned position of honorary secretary to the above well-known amateur boxing club, but will not forsake the old club altogether, but will give them any helping hand he possibly can.

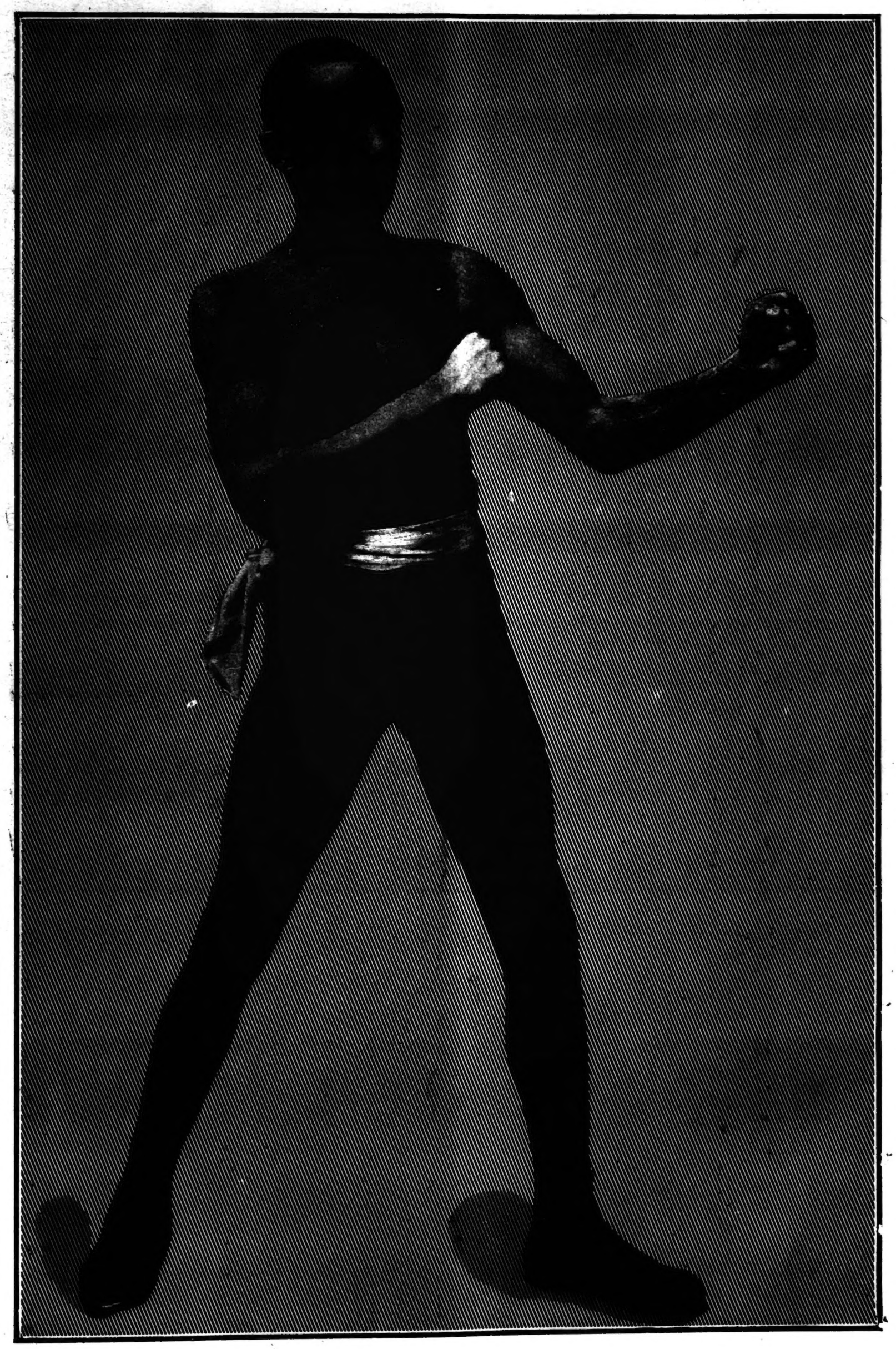
TO SAM PARKER AND FRANK GESS.—The Bradford City Gymnastic Club offer a purse of £21 for the contest between Sam Parker and Frank Gess.

SOLLY SMITH, seeing that Mick Mathias is in want of a job, would like to box him any number of rounds if the Goodwin Club would give a purse. This is also open to Young Johnson, of Sheffield. A reply through this paper will oblige.



TERRY McGOVERN.

Another Victory for the "Brooklyn Terror." The Bantam Champion of the World Beats George Dixon, in the Feather-Weight Class, in Eight Rounds. McGovern will Visit England Shortly.



GEORGE DIXON,

The Cleverest Coloured Feather-Weight, who was Defeated by Terry McGovern, the "Brooklyn Terror," in Eight Rounds, at the Coney Island Club, on Tuesday, January 9, 1900.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during January:—

JAN. 18.—At the Liverpool Gymnasium, Liverpool, George Wills v. Bill Johnson.

JAN. 18.—Bobby Habbijam's Boxing Entertainment at the West-end School of Arms.

JAN. 18.—At the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey, benefit to Jack Fitzpatrick.

JAN. 18.—Open amateur competitions of the Finchley Harriers at the Paddington Baths, Bayswater.

JAN. 20.—13th Annual Assault of Arms of the Sydney Boxing Club at the Ben Johnson Schools, Harford Street, E.

JAN. 20.—Mr. J. T. Hull's Boxing Tournament at the Drill Hall, Beresford Street, Woolwich.

JAN. 20.—At Savigear's Riding School, Earl's Court, the Cumberland and Westmorland Amateur Wrestling Society will hold their wrestling championships, also the club boxing championship, the club weight-lifting championship, and hurdle, sack, and donkey races.

JAN. 22.—At the National Sporting Club, "Ginger" Elliot v. Tom Ganley, twenty rounds, also Novices 11st 4lb Competition.

JAN. 22.—Will Curley v. Nat Smith, twenty rounds, at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle.

JAN. 22.—At the City Gymnastic Club, Bradford, Frank Kelly v. Bert Smith, twenty rounds.

JAN. 23.—Con Donovan's 7st Competition for a massive silver championship belt, at St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road.

JAN. 25.—At St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge Road, Harry Westbrook's Competitions.

JAN. 25.—At the New Cross Public Hall, Open Competition of the Goldsmiths' Institute.

JAN. 29.—At the National Sporting Club, Mike Reilly v. Matt Precious, twenty rounds; six rounds contests, and other boxing.

JAN. 29.—J. Austin v. H. Clarkson, twenty rounds, at the Bradford Gymnastic Club.

JAN. 30.—North London Club and Institute A.A.C. Competitions, Rodney Street, N.

JAN. 31.—At the Drill Hall, Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush Green, Kennington B.C. Competitions.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

DAVE PETERS WINS IN THREE ROUNDS.

THE SEASON, which has every prospect of being a busy one in the fistic world, commenced with the opening night at the National Sporting Club. Already a few matches of an international character are under discussion, and will be the cause of introducing some new blood. On Monday evening, when the curtain was rung up, a goodly muster of members were present, and but for the troubles down south many more, and not a few lovers of the game, would have been found at the ringside. With contests, trials, and a special item of fifteen rounds the programme looked ample, but the fates were against a long night's sport, the principal affair terminating in the third round. Mr. B. J. Angle occupied his position as referee, with Mr. Dick Smith as usual with the watch, and Mr. A. F. Bettinson M.C. Pat Condon and Arthur Gutteridge attended to the competitors. After a three rounds exhibition between Tommy Amor and Bill Percy, which resulted in hard knocks, Jem Kenrick faced Bob Woodley for a six rounds contest. Kenrick was a bit cleverer than his opponent in the first round, and finished up with a trifle in hand, doing good work with his left. Kenrick came out for the second round with a couple of sharp hits, and Woodley joining in the fun, the pair mixed it, Kenrick sending his man down with the right on the jaw. He regained his feet, but was sent down again with the left. On rising "Time!" was called, and the verdict went to Kenrick.

Joe Cleary and Jack Sweetman were the next for a trial. Evidently something was wrong with this pair, Sweetman falling heavily on his face in the last round and split his nose. Jem Styles and "Jewey" Cooke put up a lively spar, and a couple who showed prominently in a three rounds trial was Bill Fielder and Harry Mansfield. Ben Jordan and Jack Goldswain made a good showing, Goldswain never hitting his opponent with any strength, while Ben occasionally sent in several stiff reminders. Jack Wood and Jemmy Clark went the allotted six rounds. In the opening round the pair hit freely, Wood, at long range, having the best of it, but at close quarters Clark got a bit of his own back, but by standing wide lost somewhat in height and reach, missing his man several times. Wood had the best of matters, getting on his opponent's dial and smartly uppercutting his man at close quarters. Clark again paying attention to the ribs, finished up well. After feinting Wood landed two good lefts on the dial, and the pair trying swings, went wide. Wood did not relish the stomach drives sent in. Wood, in the fourth round, made good use of his left, Clark, going slower, could only counter. The fifth round was give and take, both occasionally landing on the dial, but nothing resulted. Clark at the close being stronger and at mixing it went best. The last round, Clark was the aggressor, but Wood stood well up to the attack, and was returned the winner.

Joe Griffiths, of Cardiff, was a disappointment in the trial with Alf Bowman. He was outclassed from the start, and at any time Bowman could have closed the show. After the interval, the chief item was on the board in the looked-for meeting between the Welsh and English middle-weights.

DAVE PETERS beat DICK JORDAN.

Dave Peters had in his corner Tom Woodley and Bill Watson, Dick Jordan was attended to by Alf Bowman, Ben Jordan, and Barney Shepperd. Peters taller, and the dark-skinned Welshman led off on the dial; both in turn landed on the dial, when the pair got to holds. Hard hitting characterised the round, Jordan using his right on the ribs. Up for the second round the pair mixed it, Peters with his extra reach trying the right, but Jordan was always there. Peters kept forcing his man to the ropes. The third round opened with Jordan getting on his opponent's ribs. Peters sent in a couple on the dial, and after getting on the jaw sent his man down with the right. Jordan, after falling, limped to his seat unable to continue, and Peters was awarded the verdict.

THE PATRIARCH OF THE BRITISH PRIZE RING.

HIS VISIT TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

JOE ROWE, the patriarch of the British Prize Ring, Joe being born in 1819, and having fought Jack Cullen so far back as 1844, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE early last week. Joe goes to pay his rent in Norfolk Street, Strand, right opposite where Mr. Dowling, the editor of *Bell's Life*, once resided. Mr. Dowling was editor of this renowned sporting paper from August, 1824, until he died on October 25, 1852, nearly thirty years. Old Joe had many an interview with Mr. Dowling, and these visits must revive old memories of days that are past. It must not be forgotten that Charles Dickens wrote in the earlier numbers of *Bell's Life*.

BOXERS TO THE FRONT.—Private Holton (Willie Holt) writes from Aldershot to say that he is getting on fine in his soldiering, and that he really thinks enlisting was the best thing that could happen to him. With so many boxers now to the front good boxers should be turned out of the Army—when we say turned out of the Army we do not wish our readers to take this literally. Any athletes who may have old boxing gloves which they do not at present want might forward them to Private W. Holton, R.A.M.C., A Company, South Camp, Aldershot. Corporal Sanders (of the South Wales Borderers), another well-known boxer who has won innumerable prizes, is ordered to the front for active service. "Wag" Lansdowne, a well-known boxer, has gone out to the front. "Wag" was in the Reserves of the Gordon Highlanders, and was called up with the second Army Reserves. "Wag" wishes to be remembered to all enquiring friends. "Sandy" Donaldson, the boxer, is in Belfast. "Sandy" is in the 3rd Batt. Royal Scotch, while Bill Harper is in the 1st; both wish to volunteer for service at the front.

SIR HENRY BRUCE MEUX, of Theobald's Park, Herts, has just died suddenly at the age of forty-three. It was to Theobald's Park that Jem Smith and the late Jack Knifton were journeying when they were arrested in the pantechnicon van. Old Temple Bar is re-erected in Theobald's Park.

A MERRY MEETING AT THE NEW GOODWIN CLUB.

ON WEDNESDAY evening last the New Goodwin Club, situated at 5a, Kingsland Road, commenced the New Year's sport in an impressive style. Good boxing and plenty of it is the motto at this club, which bids fair to run close even to the premier establishment, and as all that the boxing manager, Mr. M. Levy, who also acts as M.C., put together are triers, the members are more than satisfied. Last week those who were willing to renew their acquaintance with the sport came together at the club, and there were as many, possibly a few more, than at the preceding entertainments. The programme consisted of a special fifteen rounds contest between Harry Chamberlain (Bow) and Jack O'Connell (Homerton), besides other contests. Ten rounds between Jem Kenrick (Hackney) and Jem Weston (Somers Town). The latter looked about 10lb the heavier, but after an interesting first round went out at the next meeting. Eight rounds between Dave Barry (America) and George Penny (Kentish Town). These two finely-built young fellows put up a grand contest, and Penny, the sturdier of the twain, forced the exchanges and nearly ended it at the first meeting. Barry never recovered from it, but gamely stuck to it in a very punishing battle, both being loudly applauded when, after a very hard bout, Penny won. The next couple were Ted Goodson (Haggerston) and Albert Hollings (Bethnal Green). Goodson looked a shade the heavier, but Hollings forced it, and the first meeting was evenly contested. Goodson was the cleverest, but his opponent hit harder, and they were both tryers, and there was not much in it when they commenced the last round, and after a punishing fight Hollings got the award. A ten rounds contest between Jim Kenrick and Jim Weston. Round 1. Weston, who looked a lot heavier, forced the exchanges, and there was but little in his favour when they retired to their corners. Round 2. After some rapid exchanges, to which both paid attention to, Kenrick, with a right jab, put Weston on the boards, and failing to rise in the stipulated time, Kenrick won. Dave Barry and George Penny next took the floor for an eight-round bout. Penny at once staggered his rival, but recovering, it was a very hard fight to the end of the round. Round 2. Barry soon showed signs of the pace, and had not recovered from that right-handed blow in the preceding round, and Penny took a long lead. Round 3. This was more evenly contested, Barry showing to advantage in a punishing bout. Round 4. A well-fought round, the American being tired when it ended. Round 5. Penny had the best of a punishing meeting, his opponent cleverly getting out of danger. Round 6. From here to the end it was hotly contested, and Barry, who had not got over that first round, gradually lost ground, and at the end the verdict went to Penny, who had well won. Goodson and Hollings had an eight rounds contest before the event of the evening came on. Round 1. Goodson led, but was short, and Hollings stepped in with a flush hit, and they stood level at the end. Round 2. A fine round, both trying to get the right home, but failed. Round 3. Both were trying all they knew to win, and went well. Round 4. The better general, Goodson when in danger made the most of the ring, and got out of it cleverly. Round 5. During a very exciting bout Goodson staggered Hollings, but could not finish him before time was called. Round 6. Another fine round, a repetition of the others. Round 7. Goodson's shoe came off and he had none the best of the round. Round 8. Fierce excitement prevailed, and after a grand fight Hollings gained the decision. After a short interval the tit-bit of the evening (fifteen rounds between Harry Chamberlain, of Bow, and Jack O'Connell, of Homerton) came on for decision. Round 1. The Bow representative started well, using both hands to good advantage. Round 2. Both fiddled for an opening and Chamberlain led, O'Connell heavy on the body, easy work till the call of time. Round 3. The Homerton youth started on the body and swung the right viciously, but no damage was done. Round 4. Chamberlain knew more of the business and let his opponent do all the work, O'Connell forcing the whole of the bout. Round 5. The Bow representative led off, and to the finish it was give and take. Round 6. Both went at it and fiercely fought out the issue, O'Connell being in the van. When they started the seventh round, Chamberlain scored a lot of points and had considerably the best of this round. Round 8. A fine bout of hard hitting. Round 9. The right staggered O'Connell and again it went home, and, failing to rise, Chamberlain won after a grand bout During the evening Tom Scott, Dave Shooter, Ted Purkis acted as judges, Mr. Eugene Corri referee, and Alf Da Costa as timekeeper, Bill Baxter and Patsy Griffith seeing to the wants of the boxers.

BILL HARPER, who some eight months since enlisted in the 1st Royal Scotch, in answer to numerous inquirers, will meet them in Fleet Street any time an appointment is made. It must be before Friday next.

TOMMY HOGAN SAILS FOR ENGLAND. McGOVERN-JORDAN MATCH OFF.

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following cablegram from the American representative of the National Sporting Club and THE MIRROR OF LIFE, who made the match between Tommy Hogan, of America, and Bill Chester, of England:—

New York, January 15.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*

Tommy Hogan and Sam Fitzpatrick his manager, sail for England Wednesday. Match between Terry McGovern and Ben Jordan off. Full particulars by letter. "Kid" McCoy defeated Joe Choynski Friday in three rounds.

FLORDWAY.

BOXING AT BRENTFORD.

HARRY LEE, the well-known boxing caterer, opened up fresh ground Monday night, when he gave his first entertainment at the Baths, Brentford. Results:—Six Rounds Contest: Alf Barnard (Spitalfields) beat Bill Upper (Notting Hill). Six Rounds Contest: Dave Morbin (Walworth) beat "Jumbo" Nicholls (Tottenham). Six Rounds Contest: Dick Dean (Notting Hill) beat Jack Mitchell (Bethnal Green). Exhibition: Jerry Driscoll v. the Amateur Champion of South Africa.—This was a capital three rounds exhibition spar. The name of Driscoll's opponent did not appear, but being both taller and heavier than the ex-champion of the Navy it proved a thoroughly interesting spar from start to finish. Four Rounds: "Starlight" v. Harry Newmier. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Hullett (Islington) beat Tom King (Aldgate).

THE GLENGALL GYMNASIUM.—This well-known boxing venue, which has been closed for some considerable time, was re-opened last (Monday) evening by Harry Williams and Ted Hollier as joint managers, under favourable circumstances. The following are brief details of the boxing:—7st Competition: Bill Hickman (Kennington) beat Ted Breach (Deptford); Lew Bramson (St. James's) beat Jack Regan (Bermondsey).—Rounds 1 and 2. Neither did any damage. In the third bout Bramson asserted his superiority, and won. Bill Francis (Walworth) beat Alf Spokes (Hatcham).—Rounds 1 and 2. Honours easy. Round 3. Only one in it, and that one was not Spokes. Harry M'Donald (Deptford) beat C. Rivitt (Camberwell). Second Series: Bill Hickman beat Lew Bramson.—Hickman, the shorter lad, led in the first bout. On coming together a second time Hickman again had the best of the deal, Bramson boxing pluckily, but fell away in the last rounds, Hickman winning comfortably. Bill Francis beat Harry M'Donald somewhat easily. Eight Rounds Contest: Denny Curran (Bermondsey) beat Ted Spokes (Hatcham). Curran is a lad who will be heard of again. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Churchill (Greenwich) beat Walter Waller (Deptford). Four rounds display between Charley Brigden (Camberwell) and Darkey (Hatcham) was well worth witnessing. The finals of the 7st competition and the opening bouts of 6st 6lb, 8st, and 9st competitions, and three glove contests will be decided on Saturday next.

SCALES v. BURGE CONTEST.—Jack Scales, who is now matched with Dick Burge, was taking some part of his training at the World's Fair on Wednesday last. Jack had them on with "Pongo," the black, at Harry Hughes's show, and used his left hand very prettily. There is some talk of a private show between Jack Scales and "Dido" Plumb. Should this happen we will be there.

"CURLEY" HAWKINS, of Wiltshire, was to have met a well-known lad in the old style, but has had the misfortune to injure his left hand, and it will take a long time to get well.

WAR FUND.—Professor Alf Ball writes from the Show Ground, Deptford, under date January 9, that he will give the proceeds of the shows of Monday, Tuesday, and to-day (Wednesday) to the War Fund. Alf would be glad to see all old friends, so as to make the show a success.

BILL PIKE TO ALBERT HOLLINGS.—Seeing Hollings was successful with Goodson, Pike will box him ten or fifteen rounds at catch-weight for best purse offered, Goodwin purse preferred, and will guarantee a side-bet of £25 or £50 at the ring side.

BARRY has been appointed instructor of boxing to the Borough of Marylebone Radical Club. Barry says there are some very promising amateurs.

CESTUS BOXING CLUB.—The annual open boxing competitions will take place on March 14, at the Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road. The weights are as follow:—7st 12lb, open to amateurs who have not won an open competition; 9st 8lb, open to all amateurs; 10st 10lb, open to all amateurs. The prizes will be five silver cups. There will also be a six rounds contest between two well-known amateurs.

"SPIKE" SULLIVAN
VERSUS
GEO. McFADDEN.
(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1900.—Five thousand boxing enthusiasts saw "Spike" Sullivan, of Boston, and George McFadden, of this city, fight twenty-five sensational rounds at the Broadway A.C. last night. At the end Referee Charley White decided that the best ruling under the existing circumstances was a draw. Had White enforced the Marquis of Queensberry rules strictly in accordance with their meanings, he could have disqualified McFadden for repeated fouling. He held in the clinches, used his elbow whenever he could, and roughed his opponent unnecessarily. For this behaviour he was frequently warned. As it was, Sullivan had a shade the better of it on points, but McFadden's wonderful strength not only saved him, but also served to tire the Boston pugilist in the latter part of the contest. McFadden was handicapped by two injured hands. The second knuckle of his right hand was fractured, it was said, in training, while his left thumb was thrown out of joint several days ago. It was a gruelling affair all the way through, both men receiving much punishment. Sullivan ruled favourite first at 100 to 90, but the price dropped to 100 to 60 when it was learned that McFadden's hands were not in good shape. When the men got on the scales at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, Sullivan was a quarter of a pound overweight, so McFadden's manager demanded "Spike's" forfeit of 250 dols. Sullivan's seconds were his brothers John and Bart, Tom Waldron, and Jim Buckley. McFadden's handlers were Billy Roche, Harry Tuthill, Tommy Shortell, and Archie Marden. McFadden's hands were well bandaged before he drew on the gloves. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 133lb, Queensberry rules. As they shaped up Sullivan looked half a head taller, and possessed a much longer reach than McFadden. Sullivan began by dancing around lightly, while McFadden stood completely still, waiting for his antagonist to do something. Then "Spike" tried the left for the stomach, and as McFadden rushed, "Spike" blocked him with cleverness. Sullivan after that got into frequent mix-ups, and more than held his own. McFadden was warned for holding and hitting in clinches. He did not seem to like in fighting, at which game Sullivan was an adept. Sullivan was very fast in the second. He worked his hands so rapidly that McFadden was bewildered. Sullivan had little trouble in shooting his left to the stomach, and as far as points were concerned there was nothing to it. But McFadden, waiting for an opportunity at close range, soon landed a hard smash on the neck with the left. Then he rushed Sullivan to the ropes, reaching the head with a hard drive. Another rush by McFadden resulted in a clinch, Sullivan being in no distress and McFadden showing a desire to cut loose. Sullivan began the third with a left that McFadden pushed away from his jaw. McFadden's left eye was puffed a moment later by a swing. He did some ineffective rushing, being unable to reach "Spike," whose feet were in fine working order. In several clinches McFadden held on, but in one of the breaks Sullivan received a hard jolt on the neck that brought him to a clinch. The gait was exceptionally fast and the faces of both pugilists showed marks of the battle when time was up. Sullivan opened the fourth with a sharp jab on the mouth. McFadden responded with a rush in which he landed a couple of straight blows on "Spike's" face. McFadden began to rough it in the clinches, but he found it extremely difficult to land a solid punch because of Sullivan's defence. In a spell of long range fighting that ensued Sullivan landed both hands when and where he pleased. McFadden held some more in the clinches, and had decidedly the worst of the round. When the fifth round was called McFadden received several seconds to fix his belt, which had worked loose. Then the bell sounded again, and Sullivan proceeded to jab his man with the left. McFadden's swings were wild and awkward, while Sullivan used science and judgment landing his blows. McFadden's trunks were still bothering him, and he put on a new pair during the intermission. As the sixth round began McFadden rushed and landed a hard right on the head. Sullivan danced off, and then poked his left into George's face at long range. McFadden rushed to close quarters once more, and swung right and left with back-handers, too, for the head. Sullivan stood him off at that and scored the points. The referee had it announced that he would not permit the men to use their elbows or the pivot blow. So when they came up for the seventh round it was expected that foul tactics would be summarily dealt with. Sullivan remained at long range for a moment, but McFadden rushed, and both landed great swings on the head. McFadden went in for a slugging bee, and had the better of it, but toward the end Sullivan used his legs. Sullivan ran out of his corner for the eighth and sent a straight left to the face. McFadden adopted bulldog tactics immediately, and Sullivan was driven to a corner, where he received a heavy left on the jaw. Sullivan went into a mix-up, and it was a case of give-and-take. Sullivan threw in long lefts to McFadden's eyes and mouth as they came together for the ninth. "Spike" then jabbed the left repeatedly into the wind with the idea of bringing down McFadden's guard, so that he could whip over the right for the jaw. He found a chance finally for this blow, but it was too high. McFadden jumped into a rally as they began the tenth. Sullivan landed the better and cleaner blows, although his man was still coming hard at the bell. Sullivan worked his long left in the face and body as the eleventh started. McFadden promptly mixed it and slugged away like a blacksmith. He was cautioned again for using his elbow, but that didn't worry him. A left on the neck sent "Spike" down, his left ear bleeding, but Sullivan was up at his man with plenty of strength without a second's delay. Then it was give and take all over the ring, both reaching the jaw and making the crowd wild. In the twelfth Sullivan played with both hands for the body. Then McFadden began to slug again, but he missed a great opening for his right to the jaw. Sullivan used his feet for a while, and toward the end, as McFadden let up, "Spike" scored some more points. McFadden's rushing not so fast in the thirteenth, Sullivan jabbed him in the face with the left as usual. McFadden followed closely, throwing in swing after swing and further demonstrating that he was "Spike's" master in point of physical strength. There was a mix-up near the close in which Sullivan shot a great right across to the jaw, but it did not appear to even shake McFadden. As Sullivan was in the act of dancing about in the fourteenth, McFadden leaped at him with a left that sent "Spike" to the ropes. McFadden followed with a terrific swing on the mouth that drew blood. Then he planted three fierce left-handers on "Spike's" nose that threw his head back each time with a jerk. "Spike" started the fifteenth with a left in the eye. They got into a fierce mix-up, and Sullivan, driven to a corner, slipped down on one knee, whereupon McFadden aimed an uppercut at him, but missed. McFadden came again as "Spike" got up, but the latter hammered him on the jaw with a right. Sullivan seemed to be the fresher when the men toed the mark for the sixteenth. He opened with lefts, and McFadden proceeded to break ground. Sullivan was after him, and they were soon in another mix-up. "Spike" was strong and fast again in the seventeenth. He sent in lefts to the head and hammered the body with rights. McFadden was slow, and began to hold in the clinches. Sullivan continued his clever assault until McFadden was in such distress that he couldn't hit or control his feet. Somewhat revived, McFadden began the eighteenth with a rush. It was ineffective, and in clinches McFadden began to hang on again as "Spike" ripped in his clean-cut smashes to the stomach and jaw. McFadden weakened and resorted to rough tactics once more. Sullivan looked like a sure winner when time expired. McFadden went in with another wild rush at the opening of the nineteenth. Sullivan retreated to a corner and slipped down on the wet floor. McFadden tried to hit him in that position but failed. McFadden then used his elbow and cut Sullivan's left eye open, but was not disqualified. In the language of the sports, McFadden "did everything but bite." Sullivan began the left-hand jabbing in the twentieth. McFadden mixed it with him, and did more elbow work. Sullivan continued with his clean punches, one of which reached the chin and made McFadden hang on. Sullivan out-pointed and outfought his opponent to the end. McFadden had recovered somewhat in the twenty-first, and he showed power in all of the mix-ups. Sullivan stopped his opponent's attack in the twenty-second with a right-hand cross-counter on the jaw, but McFadden came again and floored "Spike" with a swing on the back of the head. Sullivan leaped up and they punched each other right and left all over the ring. McFadden ran into a clinch in the twenty-third and refused to break. Then he swung wildly for the head, but Sullivan stopped him with a hook on the jaw. It was the same old game in the twenty-fourth. They got together right off. McFadden held in every clinch, Sullivan very properly punching him first away. It was give-and-take to the end, the men standing up under the punishment with wonderful endurance. When the last round began Sullivan, who was daneing about lightly, tripped and fell. When he got up McFadden rushed, but Sullivan shook him with a smash on the jaw and literally fought his man to a standstill. The decision was a draw.

FRANK GESS MATCHED WITH SAM Parker.—Gess in Training.—Frank Gess is training at the Fox and Hounds, Boston Spa, Yorkshire, for his forthcoming match with Sam Parker, of Leeds, for £25 a-side at catch-weight, and the largest purse offered, to fight on February 5, fifteen rounds—three-minute rounds. He is being looked after by Mike Flynn, of Islington, London. All letters will find either Frank Gess or Mike Flynn at the above address. Proprietor, Sam Johnson, Fox and Hounds Hotel, Boston Spa, Yorkshire.

"KID" McCOY
DEFEATS
PETER MAHER.
(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1900.—The young Indiana pugilist, known to ring patrons as "Kid" McCoy, but whose real name is Norman Selby, surprised a crowd of 6,000 spectators at the Coney Island Sporting Club on Monday afternoon by knocking out Peter Maher, of Ireland, in the fifth round. There was never a period when Maher classed with his opponent in scientific methods, although at one time it seemed probable that McCoy might give way before the rugged assault and heavy hitting of the Irishman. Built up in weight until he scaled at about 168lb, McCoy showed a vast improvement over his previous form. He was wonderfully clever both in landing blows and in defensive tactics, and at every stage of the battle he showed that his brains had mapped out the affair before he entered the ring. Maher weighed about 187lb, and was dangerous up to the time that he was stopped with a left-hand swing on the jaw. But he could not land any of his tremendous smashes upon the vital spot. That was McCoy's game from the very start. He knew that Maher was a terrific puncher, but he figured that if he could avoid the Irishman long enough he would be able to beat him with that sharp, clean, powerful smash that has beaten other men before. The knockout came at an unexpected moment. It was after Maher had been indulging in a fierce attack and had shown increasing strength all through the fourth round and the beginning of the fifth. But a couple of quick smashes stopped the Irishman's onslaught, and then came an opening for McCoy's left, which took the money. Maher was a disappointment in every round, no matter how hard he worked. There was no doubt about his hitting ability, but he was outclassed in science. McCoy fought him incessantly with the left, which Maher was unable to stop, whether it was aimed at his face or his stomach. McCoy furnished an additional surprise by outpunching Maher in several mix-ups, but that was because he was more accurate with his blows, while Peter wasted many. Maher acted at the start as if he was either puzzled or afraid. He was floored in the opening round before he had begun to fight. McCoy hit him in the mouth with a left, and the Irishman sat down so hard that for a moment he did not know where he was. He was not hurt in body so much as in mind, for from that time on he undoubtedly realised that, instead of having an easy mark in front of him, he had a hard-hitting proposition. On various occasions McCoy, by virtue of his footwork and defensive tactics, made his opponent look like a novice. Even when Maher was rushing his man all around the ring, throwing in his hardest blows, McCoy never lost his head, and protected himself with phenomenal skill. Maher did not land more than a dozen hurtful blows in the whole affair, although he probably aimed a hundred smashes at the Indiana boy. McCoy had no trouble in punching Maher whenever he felt like it, and he made almost every punch tell. Maher's face was battered into bruises at an early stage, and both of his eyes were puffed perceptibly. McCoy showed superb judgment as to distance, very few of his swings getting beyond the neck or the side of the head, while Maher was wild on repeated occasions, nnmerous blows flying harmlessly past the "Kid's" head, or missing him by more than a foot. When Maher was finally floored for the last time he was not unconscious. He saw everything that was going on around him, and looked straight into the face of Referee Charley White as the latter counted off the ten seconds. He was carried to his corner, but as he was not out by any means in the estimation of the veteran ring followers an impression was created that Peter quit. Whether he did or not is not a matter of great importance, for if he had gotten upon his feet again McCoy would probably have finished him with another punch. For crafty, shrewd, heady fighting, McCoy certainly must receive credit. He put up a much better argument than he did against Sharkey last winter, and showed such vast improvement that if he meets the sailor again he will probably carry a ton of money placed upon him by men who bet on glove contests. As it is, McCoy has advanced well into the heavy-weight class by reason of his increased weight, and by defeating so decisively a pugilist of Maher's ability he has earned the right to a match with either Sharkey or Jeffries. Maher's defeat was a stunning blow to many local Irishmen who have loyally supported him ever since he came to this country. There was no doubt about his condition, and nobody made excuses for him. The fight itself showed that Maher against a fast man is of little account, which was once before demonstrated when he met Fitzsimmons.

PATSEY DRISCOLL would like to box Pat Daly the best of twenty rounds, if a purse should be forthcoming, at catch-weight. P. D. will have a side stake on the result, £50 up to £100 a-side.

TERRY McGOVERN
KNOCKS OUT
GEORGE DIXON.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

New York, January 10, 1900.

THE CONTEST between George Dixon and Terry McGovern at 8st 6lb was decided at the Coney Island Athletic Club, New York, yesterday. McGovern won in the eighth round, Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's manager, throwing up the sponge. Dixon played with the left for McGovern's face continually, while McGovern aimed at his opponent's body with both hands. In the second round Dixon got in a right swing on the jaw which almost dropped McGovern, and in the following round the latter was again staggered by a similar blow. McGovern forced Dixon to clinch in the fourth round, and in the seventh he broke Dixon's nose with his right. In the eighth he sent Dixon down eight times with body and head blows, and won the fight in a comparatively easy manner.

BOXING AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

ON MONDAY EVENING we took another view of the boxing at the World's Fair. Harry Hughes had departed with his midgets to Shoreditch Town Hall, but poor Johnny Hughes was at the show sitting in a chair. Johnny is not yet able to move without crutches, and he looked wan and pale, and it will be a long time before the poor lad is again his former self. We noticed an addition to the staff in the shape of Ned Ryan, of Haggerston. Professor Moore thought rather highly of Scales when he had the gloves on with "Pongo," of Norwich last week, but Harry Hughes has two hundred restless quids in his pocket which he wishes to put on "Dido" Plumb against Jack Scales, win or lose his (Scales) match with Dick Burge. Norah Sullivan and Le Neve were pulling in the brass, and the circus, with its performing lions and dogs, was a grand attraction, besides the swimming show of Agnes Beckwith, the fat lady, the midgets, the roundabouts, the animated photographs, the Zulus, the crocodiles, the railway, and the many things which go to make up the World's Fair. Friday, January 26, will be devoted to a benefit for the Wives, Widows, and Children of Soldiers and Sailors serving in the war. Lessees give half total admission to Hall, and half total admission to all inside reserved seats. The showmen, stall keepers, and roundabout proprietors will also give half their takings. The proceeds will be handed to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

BOXING IN CARDIFF.—On Wednesday evening last there was a very interesting contest held at Andrew's Hall, St. Mary's Street. As was the case a week or two ago, the show was promoted by Mr. Dan Meredith, the old half-mile pedestrian champion of Wales, a runner, by the way, that on more than one occasion did a few yards inside two minutes. There was an amateur competition for a gold watch, and this was won by a youngster named Driscoll, a smart, game lad with a good left hand, who will be heard of in the future. The tit-bit of the evening was the twenty rounds contest between "Pedlar" McMahon, of Swansea, and Daley, of Cardiff. Daley is a lad of undoubted gameness, and on the green sward has beaten all that has been brought up against him. He had no chance with McMahon, however, for the Swansea man hit harder and outmanœuvred Daley from start to finish. There were only two rounds fought, and in the first of these Daley was nearly out. When they came up for the second round McMahon got in two terrible left-handed punches on the mark, and with the second of them fairly lifted Daley off his feet. About half way through the second round he brought his right hand across, and Daley went down like a log. Indeed, he did not recover for about ten or fifteen minutes. McMahon made many friends by his display on Wednesday, and it is a question if there is anyone in England at 9st 4lb at the present moment against whom he might not be matched for a substantial stake. McMahon's first appearance at the National Sporting Club was when he won a competition there. He has fought at the Covent Garden house twice since then, and on Wednesday evening he expressed a desire to make another appearance at the N.S.C. As I say above, at 9st 4lb or thereabouts, he would find any amount of backing in Wales.

ALF NEARY, who for years presided over the fortunes of the old Griffin Music Hall, Shoreditch (now the London), where some of the finest boxers of the day figured, is now, we regret to say, lying dangerously ill at his residence, the Prince of Wales, Kentish Town. All his friends, and they are many, wish him a speedy recovery.

GOLDSMITHS' INSTITUTE BOXING Club.—Fifth annual open boxing competitions will be held at the New Cross Public Hall, Lewisham High Road, S.E., on Thursday, January 25, 1900; 8st 10lb and 10st open to all amateurs, 10st 8lb open to amateurs who have never won an open competition.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

BILL PINCOMBE,
A Little Bantam, who is Matched with Bill Ray, on January 24, at St. George's Hall.

SHE THOUGHT HIM A THIEF.
The Husband Did a Little Shooting.

A RUN WITH THE ROYAL STAG-HOUNDS.
Followers Have a Splendid Afternoon's Hunting.

EPISODE IN THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Despatch Rider Getting Through the Boer Lines with the News of the Ladysmith Victory.

JACK DEATH,
A Well-known Tonsorial Artist, and Winner of Several Boxing Contests in Grimsby.

A COUPLE OF SOUBRETTES SCRAP OVER A TURKEY.
After the Fight They Threw for the Bird.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

THE

8st 10lb CHAMPIONSHIP.

WILL CURLEY v. NAT SMITH FOR £650.

FEW MATCHES WHICH have been set for decision in the North of England in recent years has had the importance or has created the interest which is being evinced in the match for the 8st 10lb championship between Will Curley, of Newcastle, and Nat Smith, of London, which is due to be decided at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, on Monday evening next for £200 a-side and a purse of £250 given by Mr. James Lowes, of the Hexham House, Forth Place, Newcastle. The records of the men as masters of boxing are of world-wide renown and need no recapitulation at this moment. They are, however, in strict training—Smith at Bath, under the charge of Bill Whatley, and Curley at Holcot, Northampton, with Tom Murphy, and letters received from both tell of them being wonderfully well in condition. On this occasion Curley has altered his mode of training, taking more indoor work—wrestling, boxing, throwing the medicine ball, punching the ball and skipping, and his trainer says that he has never seen his charge better. Seats are being rapidly booked by Mr. Lowes at the Hexham House, and it behoves all who wish to have a view of the contest in comfort to early secure their places.

BOXING AT THE LAMBETH SCHOOL of Arms.—A special entertainment was staged at the above-named resort last Saturday evening. Many of the old-time champions have started to learn the art at the "school" comparative novices, and by that old sort of tuition, hard blows, have made proficient boxers, many of them fliers for the highest honours of the ring. Many times have the performances of some of the famous fighters of the good old days been mentioned in these columns, and it be but returning to old topics to revive them. All that the astute promoter put together are triers, and if not exactly scientific, fight to win, and the audience are generally satisfied. Details: The exhibition bouts were almost as good as contests, the names of the friends being "Boss" Stevens v. Bill Harmers, both of Lambeth; Harry Slough, of Southwark, v. Charlie Paul, of Lambeth; Tom Hall, of Lambeth, v. Dick Bond, of the same locality. The M.C., jovial Jem Bond, announced a six rounds contest between Fred Langton, of Bermondsey, v. Young "Dodger," of Blackfriars.—A hard-hitting bout, both being smothered in gore, and after three rounds had been fiercely contested "Dodger" was in the van. The following were as fiercely fought out, both leading in turn, and in the end the verdict went to Langton. Mr. Dolling, "Sailor" Richardson and old Spooney acted as judges, with Mr. Whitbread as referee and time-keeper throughout the evening. Six Rounds Contest: "Jumbo" King (Lambeth) beat Ted Savage (Lambeth).—Savage looked over a stone the heavier, and, thanks to the coaching of the well-known Harvey boys, he scored well throughout, and won easily. The wind-up was a six rounds contest between Harry Breewood (Lambeth) v. Bob Harmers (Bermondsey). This was a bout that well sustained the old traditions of the place, and it was splendidly fought out, but Breewood was the cleverer, and sending his opponent down twice in the last round had him dead beat when time stopped the contest, and the award went to Breewood. The seconds were Tom Hall, "Ginger" Mallett, Young Spooney, "Sailor" Richardson, and Alf Carey, &c.

"TALLY" JENKINS, in answer to the challenge of "Darkey" Thomas's backer, will meet any of them at Cardiff, at Dan Meredith's (Andrews Hall) (who is prepared to give a purse) on any day appointed by them, when he will be prepared to have a side bet of not less than £5 a-side. To hurry matters up T. J. would be pleased to hear by post from D. T., so that the fight may come off so soon as possible. The side bet may be more if wanted.

JEM BARRY TO TOM DIXON.—Jem Barry, of Bloomsbury, wishes to know what Tom Dixon means. A purse is offered by the N.S.C., and Barry wishes to know whether he intends to make a match. Yes or no.

ALAS, POOR NED!—Old Ned Payne, the guide, philosopher, and friend of Mornington and Kempton Cannon, the great-grandsons of Tom Cannon, the bargeman, who fought for the championship of England, is now lying in a critical condition at his residence at Mornington House, Thorneyhedge Road, Gunnersbury. After horses, Ned Payne loves boxing, but when at a boxing match Ned becomes so excited that he loses his head. Some fifteen years or more ago Ned Payne attended the contest at Lambeth School of Arms between Bill Goode and Jem Kendrick. Ned Payne became so obstreperous prior to the contest that Bob Habbijam, who was managing the show, after repeated warnings seized poor Payne by his boots and dragged him from the arena; but Ned Payne would see the show, and managed to squeeze into an outside place.

BOXING IN BIRMINGHAM.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY interesting programme was arranged for Thursday night's exhibition at Anthony Diamond's boxing saloon, and those who were privileged to be present spent a very pleasant evening. The opening item was a four two-minute round set-to between Joe Elliott and Bill Failing, both of Birmingham. The men displayed much earnestness, and vigour was by no means lacking. Failing was the stronger man, and in the end held the advantage. George Broome and Frank Escott faced each other for four rounds (two minutes), and in a minor manner refought their recent battle at the National Sporting Club. It was a rattling turn, and at the conclusion they gained enthusiastic applause for what was a spirited and scientific set-to. "Darkie" Edwards gave considerable weight away to Tom Spring, of Northampton, but he stood up well to his man, and showed good defence to the forcible tactics of his opponent. Anthony Diamond and Bill Peters were responsible for a brisk bout of four rounds, in which the former, though on the fleshy side, demonstrated the value of good headwork combined with a good reach. Lewis Anderson and George Failing boxed for four rounds, Anderson being the cleverer exponent. The Hinde brothers gave a midget turn, and exhibited an exceptionally well-ground knowledge of boxing.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—At last Mr. James Lowes's Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, has been completed, to the satisfaction of the municipal authorities and to the peace of mind of the promoter, who has an opportunity now of knowing "where he are." The popularity of Mr. Lowes's shows is ever on the increase, and on Saturday evening there was another large and appreciative gathering of spectators, the menu being one of much attractiveness. Those smart juveniles, J. Johnson and J. Griffen, continue to improve, and as the initial show of the evening gave every satisfaction. In the meeting of Tom Dixon and Billy Vardy we were treated to an exhibition of the science these boxers used to win Irish championships, and an equally interesting performance was that of Dick Johnson, who once aspired to the 8st 2lb championship, and Peter Hewitt, a son of the famous pugilist of that name. P. Welch, of Newcastle, and H. Borris, of Leicester, gave a pleasing exhibition, and Jack Dunn and J. Wilson were well mated for three rounds. It may be remembered that Peter Todd and "Spike" Johnson three weeks ago in an exhibition spar proved themselves well matched, and their supporters matched them to contest the best of eight rounds, and this was the chief item of the evening's entertainment. In the first round Todd had the better of his opponent, but Johnson showed greatly to advantage in the second. His exertions, however, told, and do as well and bravely as he could he proved to be unequal to the task of gaining the verdict, which Todd received after eight severe rounds had been contested. Todd was seconded by his brother, Bob Todd, of Morpeth, and Charley Watts, and Johnson by Tom Dixon and "Spider" Carr. Sam Francis was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. On Saturday night next R. Todd, of Morpeth, and W. Jackson, of Newcastle, are matched to box eight rounds.

BILL EACOTT TO ANGUS GRIFFO.—Bill Eacott called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Monday to say that he is surprised that Angus Griffo does not make a match. The sporting press having a lot to say concerning the decision in the last match, now Bill Eacott will box Angus Griffo for the Goodwin Club purse and a side stake, the winner take the lot. This challenge is open for a month, after that it will be useless.

"DARKEY" THOMAS, of Neath, seeing that Driscoll was successful in the competition at Cardiff, will box him any number of rounds if any gentleman or club will give a purse worth boxing for.

BOXING AT THE GOODWIN CLUB.—To-night (Wednesday) the special programme arranged by Mr. M. Levy, the boxing manager, consists of a fifteen rounds contest between Jack Lewis, of America, and Ted Daley, of Holborn, and eight rounds bouts between Harry Camis v. Bob Ford, Dick Dean v. Harry Benson, Jem Cooke v. Jack Woods, and a bout of wrestling, as well as exhibition boxing by the Brothers Pickard.

GEORGE COLLINS would like to box Jem Crowder the best of twenty rounds at 7st 6lb for from £10 to £25 a-side with 4oz gloves and the National Sporting Club purse, and will meet him any time by appointment to arrange a match.

GEORGE HARPER, of Salford, seeing so many lads boxing at 6st 10lb, would like to box any lad in England at that weight, or would box D. Andrews or W. Bloor at 7st for the best purse offered within a month of signing articles.

J. JACKSON TO J. BRIERLEY.—J. Jackson, of Crewe, will box Jack Brierley, of Liverpool, twenty rounds, with 4oz gloves, at catch-weight, in six weeks from signing articles, £25 up to £100 a-side, at the club offering the best purse.

ANDREW WOOD DEFEATS JACK GARWOOD.

AT THE STANDARD THEATRE, Gateshead, last Monday night, a twenty rounds contest was billed between Andrew Wood, of Gateshead, and Jack Garwood, of Manchester, who boxed at 8st 6lb (give or take 2lb) for £25 a-side and a purse of £30. There was a poor house. There was no betting for the event. Wood was seconded by Jack Jones, Jack Gibson, and Harry Kent, while Garwood had the benefit of Charley Beadling, Victor Layton, and Jem Bell. Sam Francis referee, Harry Snaith timekeeper, and Professor Lowery M.C. Garwood had the best of the opening rounds, but in the third round rough-and-tumble work was the order. There was any amount of wrestling and fouling in the following rounds, and thus what was called a glove contest continued. The seventh round had barely commenced than Garwood got his opponent by the neck and swung him to the boards. The referee then awarded the contest to Wood. As a preliminary affair, Bob Wilson and D. Kirkwood opposed each other in a two-minute contest of six rounds. From the first it was apparent that Wilson was the better lad, and half-way through the second round Kirkwood retired, leaving Wilson the winner.

BELFAST NOTES.—"Father" Tom Boyce, of the Albert Club, Belfast, has just received a very lengthy letter from the Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs, Arkansas, from Tom J. Sharkey, stating that he may expect him over here in a few weeks. Sharkey will be accompanied by his sparring partner, big Bob Armstrong, the black, and it is their intention to give a few public exhibitions in Great Britain, previous to their departure to Paris, where they intend to open at the exhibition. As Sharkey will make direct for Belfast, where he will be entertained to a public dinner and presentation, all letters addressed to him at the Albert Club will be at once delivered. The sporting public of Belfast and vicinity will be pleased to learn that at last "Father" Tom has managed to bill those two sterling Irish boxers, Paddy O'Hara, of Belfast, and George Carr, of Dublin. As there has been a long controversy as to which is the better lad, Tom has arranged to settle the question of supremacy between the two on the first night of Downpatrick Races. Taking Carr's form through his fight of twenty rounds with Will Vardy, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, this is sure to be one of the greatest battles ever brought about at Belfast. There is every probability of a match taking place shortly between a protégé of Paddy Mahoney, of Bradford, and Jem Fitzpatrick, of Belfast.

ALF SLATER, better known as "Old Skiddy," writes:—I have been with Mr. Tree in "King John," and have had to leave it on account of my foot. Kindly give it to the public in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and let them know that I am in the St. Giles's Infirmary.

FRANK LYNES, of Lambeth, hearing of the abilities of "Jumbo" King, of Lambeth, will box him any number of rounds if Mr. J. T. Hulls will give a purse; this is also open to Tom Passfield, of Peckham. An answer from either will oblige.

JACK JENKINS, JUN., would like to box Jem Casey eight or ten rounds if Mr. Levy, of the Goodwin Club, will give a purse. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

J. JONES TO J. GIBBINS.—In answer to J. Gibbins, of Newton Heath, J. Jones, of Hulme, will box him for the best purse offered.

ALBERT HOLLINGS is open to box Ernie Hunt the best of fifteen or twenty rounds for £25 a-side and best purse offered.

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ADVT.

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS opens at the Alhambra on Monday next.

RUMOUR SAYS that R. G. Knowles is contemplating retiring from the London halls.

LIONEL BROUGH, the story teller, is a tremendous hit at the Palace Theatre.

ONE OF THE BEST turns at the Empress, Brixton, is contributed by Pat Rafferty, "Ain't It Marvellous?"

MISS KITTY CORBETT'S song, "A Bonny Kid," which she is warbling at the Royal, is a big success.

THE PANTOMIME at the Standard, entitled "Cinderella," is a capital one and full of good things. The performance goes with a swing from start to finish.

MISS BILLIE BARLOW, one of the very best principal boys, is a tremendous hit in the panto "Puss in Boots" at the Broadway, New Cross.

MISS CLARA JECKS and Victor Stevens contribute largely to the fun in the "Dick Whittington" pantomime at the Dalston Theatre.

MR. MANAGER LAW has a capital programme on tap at the Royal Standard, including Miss Jenny Valmore, Pat Rafferty, and many other shining lights.

LITTLE ISSY HOWARD, the talented daughter of Mrs. Pat Carey (Miss Lizzie Howard), has achieved a distinct success as Robin Hood in the pantomime at the Royal (Holborn).

THE DETACHMENT of the 5th West Middlesex Volunteers which has been selected for the front and enrolled in the City of London Volunteers (Lord Mayor's Own) was present at the Alhambra last Friday evening, at the invitation of the management; the new military ballet display, "Soldiers of the Queen," was received with overwhelming applause. The special matinée last Saturday drew a large crowd.

"A VILE CONSPIRACY" is the cheery title of a powerful sketch performed by the clever Marriott Combination at the Queen's, Poplar. This week sees the last of Edwin Barwick and Paul Martinetti's Pantomime Company here. Amongst the many capital turns at this hall mention must be made of the Haydon Trio in an amusing skit, "The Professor's Reception," introducing some funny business.

AT COLLINS'S Miss Kate Carney heads a most liberal progamme; this clever little lady wins universal favour, and her songs are applauded to the echo; Alec Hurley and his tuneful "Lambeth Walk," the Rixfords, marvellous head balancers; Mark Melford and Co. in a screamingly funny sketch "Non-suited," Bransby Williams in remarkable impersonations of characters from Dickens' works, the Sisters Moore, character duettists; Edwin Barwick scoring hugely with his Sheeny song and his imitations of well-known actors (that of Beerbohm Tree being particularly good), the Mayvilles, living marionettes; Vosper, clever paper folder and chapeau worker; John Lawson in the powerful "Humanity" sketch, and some capital pictures shown through the medium of the Mutograph are some of the best turns at Collins's.

THE TIVOLI BILL is a colossal one, and well worth sampling. Mr. Angelo Asher's arrangement of patriotic echoes as an overture is a happy one, and is well applauded. The Harvey Boys are early stage contributors, and their smart boxing is hugely relished. Manning and Prevost provide a humorous sketch. Burt Shepard indulges in playful badinage with the musical director, and afterwards sings a song entitled "My Mother Was a Lady" to much applause. Alec Hurley continues a great success in his Lambeth Walk sketch. Miss Nellie Navette sings and dances cleverly. Moung Tong and Moung Hit, Burmese jugglers of sylph-like proportions, do everything with a ball except catch it in their hands; they depend on their feet; they are distinctly clever. Miss Millie Lindon looks splendid in her brown suit and blue sash, and is warmly applauded for her song. Fred Russell, the up-to-date ventriloquist; Miss Kate Vaughan, in a monologue "How It Happened"; Rossi Ashton, clever artist in crayons; Mrs. Alice Shaw and two daughters, who all pucker their pretty lips and whistle divinely; R. G. Knowles, and many other A1 turns are in the programme.

DAVE.

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